The Bystander. November 8, 1916.—No. 675. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER

TO FRANCE FOR "FRAGMENTS"

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather on his return to France after short leave in England. He will, should his duties permit, continue to supply the readers of "The Bystander" at home and abroad with food for laughter by means of his inimitable representations of life at the Front—some of which may shortly take a novel turn

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

The Hidden "Hand"

I continue to receive from the enemy my needed fill of information as to London life in war-time. According to the "distinguished neutral" who has been representing the *Berliner Tageblatt* over here for some time past—on what passport, one wonders?—the English rich are tormented by their own particular war troubles! Dear, dear! And in this, the paradise of the capitalist! But list! What disturbs the rich is the scarcity of servants. "A lady dares hardly to have visitors to meals because the precious servant might lose her temper and vanish without giving notice." *Ergo*, the British "rich" contemplate asking Kaiser William to stop the war. The secret of the hidden "hand" is out at last. It is the hand of Mary Jane.

Club Secrets

What really irks me, however, is the insidious way in which the "neutral" seems to have got at the facts about our war-time club life. "The membership of clubs has fallen off everywhere, and the cheerful social atmosphere which prevailed before the war has disappeared. The seriousness which reigns in the club-rooms is in very sharp contrast with the movement which filled the life of a proper London clubman before the war." This is a dangerous fellow. How did he get to know that the revelry by night that used to be a feature of the "Senior" and the Athenæum, the bacchanalian orgies of the Carlton, and the unbridled *nachtleben* led by members of the Reform, have ceased? Has he been inside their sacred portals? And if so, how? The Committees are hereby warned.

WILL THE BOYS BREAK THESE BONDS WHEN THEY COME BACK?

Lots of New Acquaintances

It is, of course, true that the ejected clubmen have to put up with smaller quarters, but our visitor is wrong in supposing that this has meant a cessation of sociability. Quite the contrary. It has increased visibly and audibly. As a result of having to tread on your fellow-members' toes or bark their shins when trying to pick your way across the smoking-room, vigorous acquaintanceships are daily being struck up between persons who have previously only been on glaring terms with each other. A man whose teacup I upset the other day, while passing his chair, I now know to speak to, whereas before we knew each other only by shortness of sight.

The Great Men Talk

Smaller premises have had another most useful effect on club-life. Our "neutral" correctly records that these famous clubs were formerly frequented by men whose names filled the columns of the papers every day. The awkwardness of the former big premises was, however, that these personages used to hide themselves in private rooms so that nobody could overhear what they were talking about. Now that they have to use the common rooms one *can* hear what they are talking about, and as a result one knew early last week—exactly what was going to win the Cambridgeshire!

The Letters of "Julius"

"Who's Julius?" is the problem of the moment, "Julius" being the *nom de guerre* of the *Observer's* famous or infamous substitute for Mr. Garvin during the last three weeks. "Julius" startled Fleet Street by setting down in the King's English what most people have been saying in their own. He has established the proposition that we have still to win the war, and that nothing that has happened lately justifies the belief in an early victorious ending.

Who Is He?

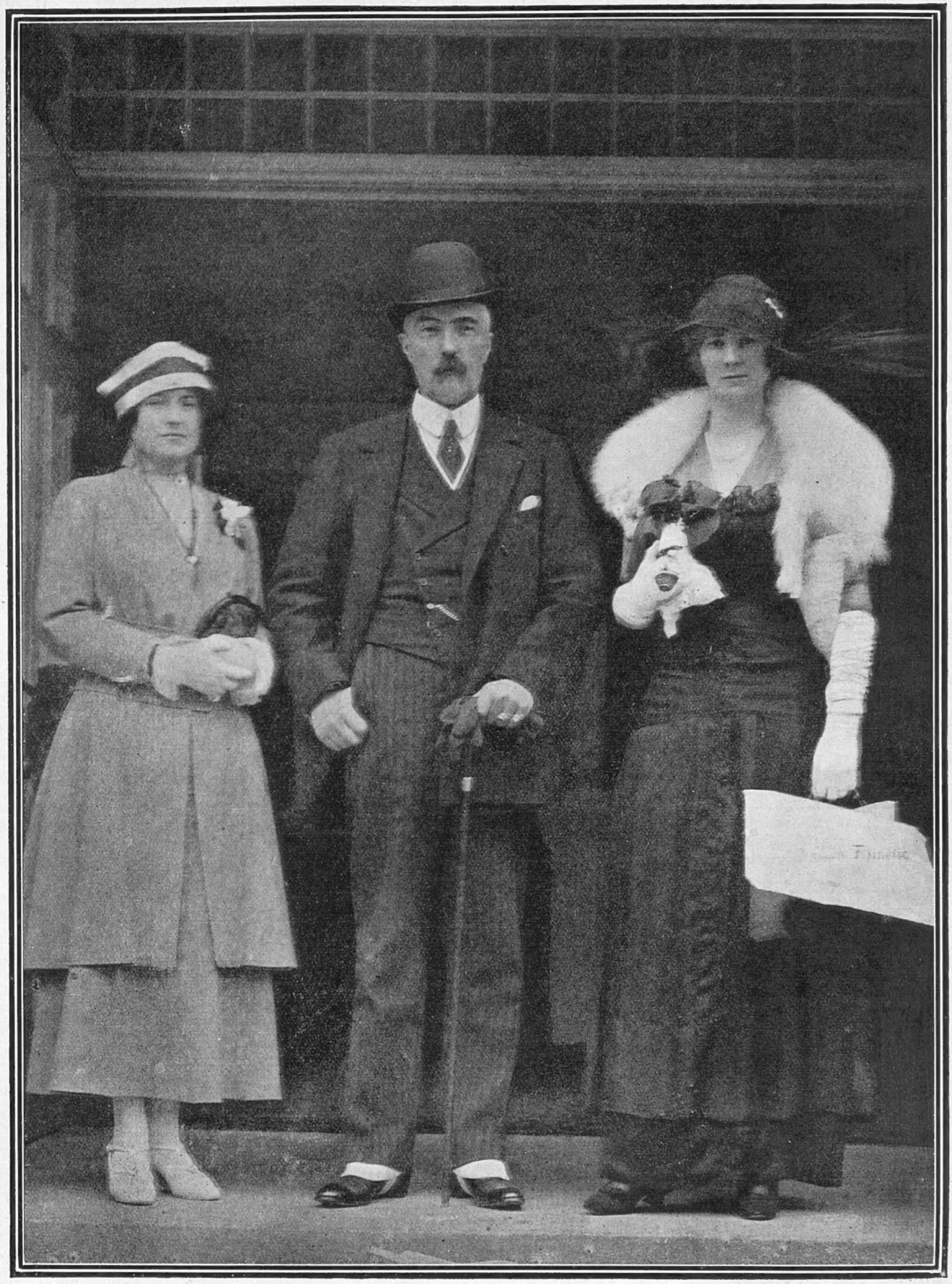
"Julius" is, apparently, not Mr. Winston Churchill, so people are busy going over the list of other non-journalistic scribes who could possibly have written obvious truths *so well*. Literary accomplishment is the last thing to be looked for among the lawyers or soldiers or business men who are in the inner circle. One can count on the fingers of one hand the possible "Juliuses" in official circles, having rejected Mr. Churchill, and, of course, Lord Haldane. But perhaps it doesn't matter who is "Julius"—very likely only a mere journalist, after all. The main point is what he has written, which is having its visible effect.

Look Out!

May I ask readers who want to see this year's Christmas BYSTANDER to order their copies early? Apart from its traditional excellence, the issue will contain a special section contributed exclusively by Bairnsfather at his best.

(Continued on page 281)

Next Week's Anglo-Russian Wedding



Photograph *Mrs. Albert Broom*

On November 15 the Countess Nada Torby (seen on the left of the photograph, with her father, the Grand Duke Michael, in the centre, and Lady Curzon on the right) is to be married to Prince George of Battenberg, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and son of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. LEICESTER SQUARE.
The Monster Revue
"RAZZLE-DAZZLE!"
Harry Tate, Edie Veno, Alice O'Brien, Phyllis Bedells, Frederick Ross, etc.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
CHARLES HAWTREY, LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in J. M. BARRIE'S "ROSALIND"; MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL in Robert Hichen's play, "The Law of the Sands;" MARK HAMBOURG; AMY EVANS, etc. 'Phone Gerrard 7541.

HIPPODROME, LONDON.
Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.30.
Albert de Courville's production,
"FLYING COLOURS!"
Little Tich, Gabrielle Ray, Dorothy Ward, Ray Cox, Bertram Wallis, John Humphries, etc. Box Office 10 to 10 'Phone—Gerrard 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme for week commencing Monday, November 6, 1916.
MISS RUTH VINCENT, BRANSBY WILLIAMS, FRED EMNEY & CO., GEORGE MOZART, PHIL RAY, DAISY JAMES, SAM STERN, ERNIE LOTINGA & CO.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE. KINGSWAY.
MR. BEN DAVIS, the World-famous Tenor.
Swanstone & Hammond, The Olracs, J. H. Scotland, Berzac's Circus (a treat for the children), & other High-class Varieties. 'Phone, Holborn 6840 (8 lines)

ADELPHI, STRAND (Ger. 2645) "HIGH JINKS."
The New Musical Comedy.
Every Evening, at 8. Matinée every Wed. and Sat. at 2.
MARIE BLANCHE — W. H. BERRY — NELLIE TAYLOR.

DALY'S. Tel. Ger. 201. "THE HAPPY DAY."
EVERY EVENING (EXCEPT MONDAYS), at 8.
MATINEES MONDAYS, WEDS. and SATS., at 2.
Jose Collins, Unity More, Rosina Filippi, Isobel Elsom, Lauri de Frece, Thorpe Bates, Mark Lester, Arthur Wontner.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER," are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy. Canada, under 1 lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be 2*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

P & O and British India
Mail and Passenger Services.
Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.
Tickets Interchangeable.
MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA.
Australian Tickets of P & O and Orient Lines are also interchangeable

For particulars of PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL SAILINGS apply at the P & O Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

For particulars of BRITISH INDIA SAILINGS apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; P & O West End Office, 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; or GELLATLEY, HANKEY & Co., Dock House, Billiter Street, E.C.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS & GIRLS.
TUTORS for ARMY and ALL EXAMS.
MESSRS. J. and J. PATON, having an intimate, UNIQUE, and up-to-date knowledge of the best SCHOOLS and TUTORS in this country, will be pleased to AID PARENTS in their choice by sending (free of charge) prospectuses and TRUSTWORTHY INFORMATION regarding ESTABLISHMENTS which can be THOROUGHLY RECOMMENDED.
The age of the pupil, district preferred, and rough idea of fees should be given.
'Phone, write, or call.
J. and J. PATON, Educational Agents.
143, Cannon Street, London, E.C. Telephone: 5053 Central.

THE CHURCH ARMY'S
HUTS, TENTS, and CLUBS
provide rest, recreation, and refreshment for our sorely-tried and gallant men of the Army and Navy at home, in France, Flanders, Malta, Egypt, Salonica, Mesopotamia, British East Africa, and India.
MANY MORE ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.
Huts cost **£300**; Tents, **£150**;
Week's Working **£5** abroad, **£2** at home.
Cheques crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers.
FOUNDED 1871.
THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.
EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 30 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire) in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or £1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6 when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 7th day of November, 1916, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 15th day of November, 1916.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

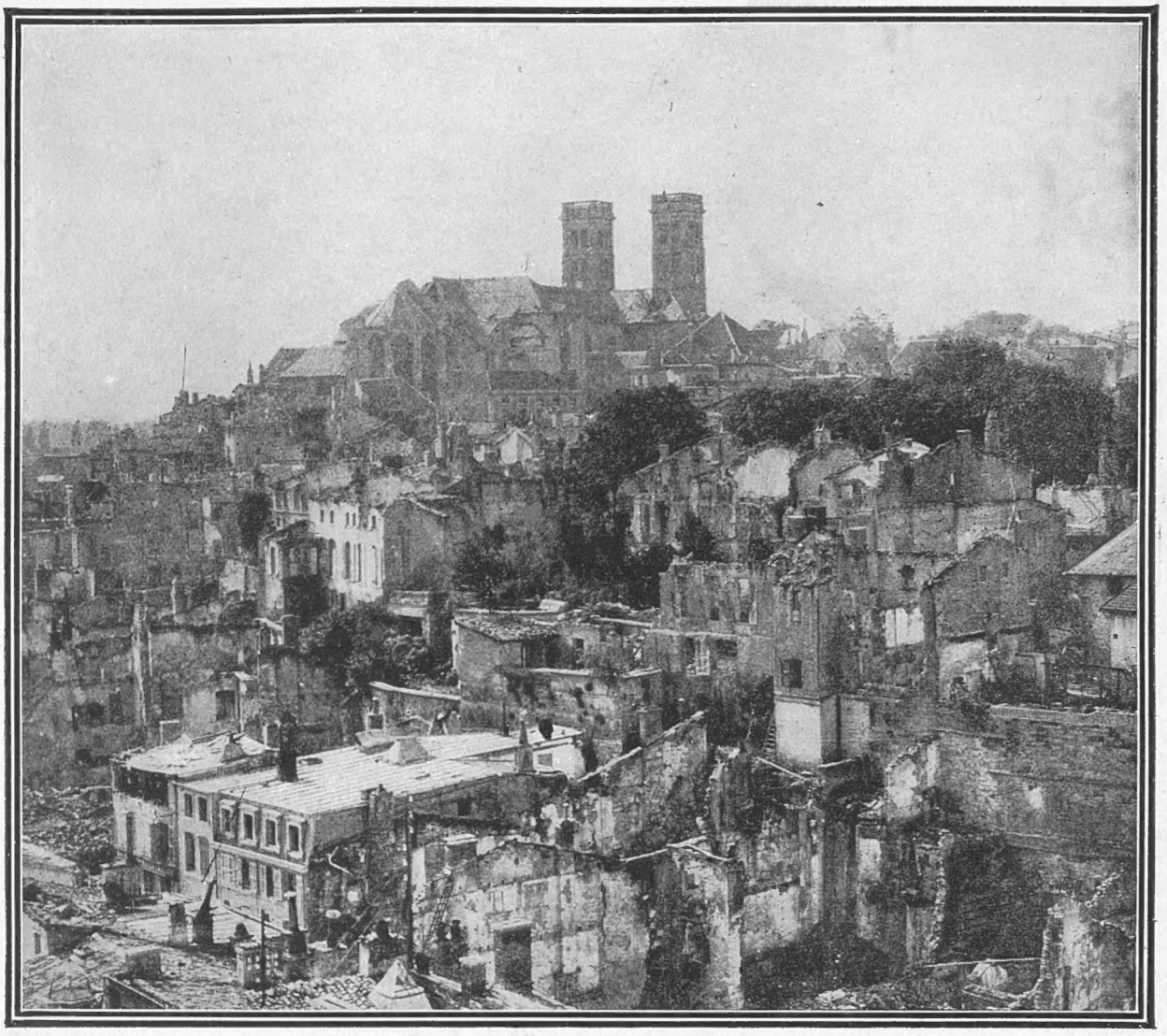
THIS COUPON DOES NOT INSURE AGAINST WAR RISKS.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Verdun Unvanquished



The city and fortress of Verdun, decorated as a personality by every Allied Sovereign with a reward for its valour, might well sing in Henley's words, "My head is bloody, but unbowed"

A New Tenant for York House

Among the little straws that show the way of the war-wind is the announcement that the King has granted to Sir William Robertson the use of York House, and that Sir William takes up residence there in a fortnight from to-day. Being a family man, as "K." was not, possibly he will make it a sort of socio-military rendezvous. I hope the residence there will be a happy, and, to be absolutely frank, not too long a one. On grounds of principle I do not think our war-managers at home ought to be made too "comfy." They ought, in some measure, to suffer the rigors of war. A dug-out in St. James's Park is what an old-time monarch, with a sense of humour, would have provided for his Chief of Staff in wartime, with the proviso that residence even there might not be long unless the news of regular victories were served up with the Royal meals.

Wanted—a Minister of Humanities

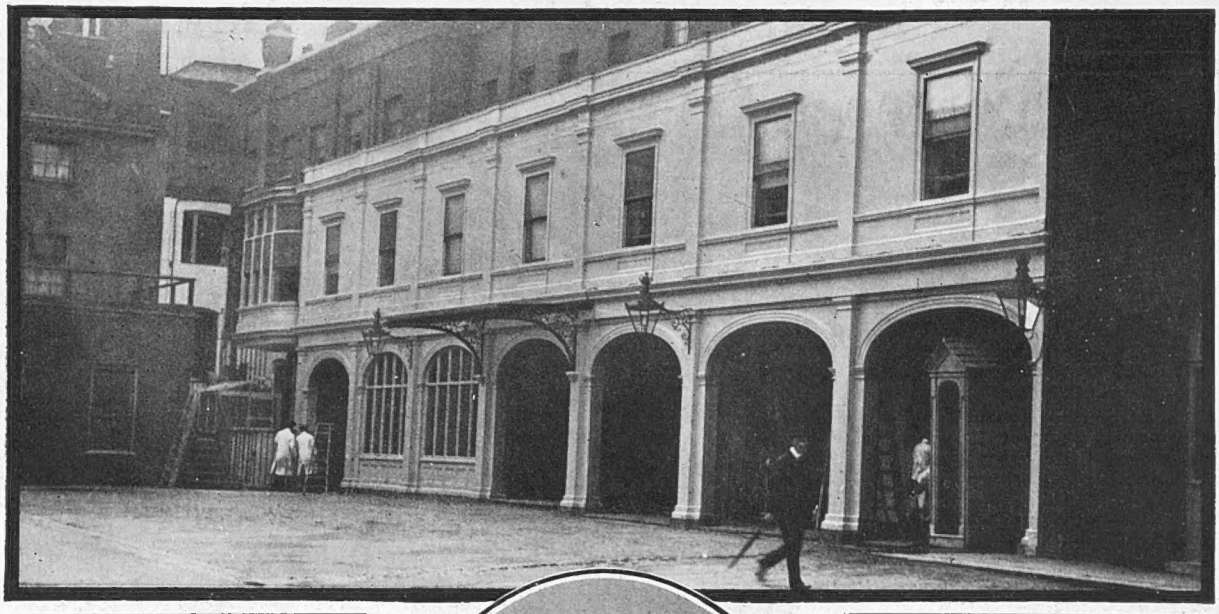
So many unpleasant things are being reported from various sources—for instance, Mr. Blatchford's version of the "crucifixion" punishment and Mr. Macdonald's allegations as to the conditions of the Dyce Camp for Conscientious Objectors, that everybody is asking what sinister influence it is that is responsible for such continued breaches of the laws of humanity and decency. Why are even "C.O.'s" and field defaulters treated with gratuitous callousness? Is it not almost time there were appointed a Minister of Humanities—a gentleman whose business it would be to mitigate needless suffering, and thus to save the war from incurring the unpopularity that over-harshness has brought to it in Germany? Which even the gagged Reichstag has managed to make a hullaballoo about.

History as She is Made

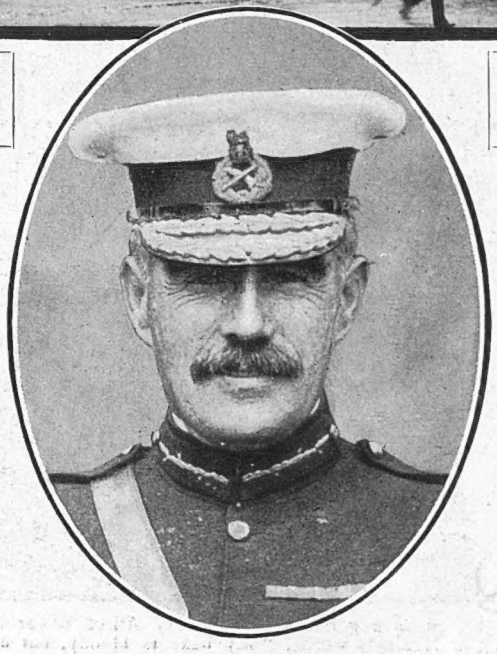
Hindenburg's latest is quite a bright inspiration: "*The French called the British to their assistance, and the assistance which her Ally gives is that she is forcing the French to destroy themselves.*" Oh! but we thought it was *we* who called the French (also the Russians, Italians, Serbs, Belgians, Rumanians, etc., etc.) to *our* assistance, to help us make money by destroying the German Empire while we looked on. Hindenburg seems to have got his war-history wrong. But supposing him to be right, does he think that the French would rather have had the "assistance," on their own soil, of the Boches, as they certainly would have had, were we not in

(Continued on page 282)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 281)



YORK HOUSE
In which the late Lord Kitchener worked out his plans for raising Britain's new Armies



GENERAL SIR W. ROBERTSON
Chief of the General Staff, who is taking up his residence at York House

Sir William Robertson, Chief of the General Staff, has now succeeded him in his tenancy of it "for the duration"

France? True, the presence even of a beloved Ally, in great force, on one's own soil is never an unalloyed joy. Even the *gemüthlich* Austrians are said, sometimes, to chafe a little at the presence on their soil of the Prussians who are "assisting" them.

When it's all Over

There is one thing the French know that the Austrians don't, and that is that when the war is won the British Armies will leave France *en masse* with the wildest shout of joy that has ever been heard, whereas I rather suspect that several Prussians (including a large selection of Princes) will remain in Austria for a very long stay.

A Thirty Years' War

Hindenburg is further reported to have said that it would take the Allies thirty years to break through on the Western Front—another "Thirty Years' War," in fact. Well, good Generals are not always good prophets, fortunately; and in any case, since Hindenburg himself is unlikely to be still leading the German armies even a much smaller number of years from now than thirty, we may get a chance to falsify his prediction. He may be able to depend on his own abilities and powers, but he can scarcely count on those of the man who will succeed him. Besides, he has forgotten the fickleness of Imperial favour: he may be Stellenbosched yet in favour of the Crown Prince, the victor of Verdun!

Religion and—Business

I should have thought there would be few to quarrel with the erection of "shrines" in so many of our streets—and especially in our poorer streets—to the memory of the brave sailors and soldiers who lived there and have given their lives for their country and their homes. But a certain section of the so-called "religious" world cannot restrain its intolerance, and cries out loudly, in a pamphlet recently issued, against the "idolatry" involved by the inclusion of a crucifix as part of the "shrine." But while thus seeking to rouse passions which might well be allowed to rest during wartime, the writer of the pamphlet combines a nice sense of business with his propagandism by offering to supply "shrines" more in accordance with his own views, *sketch and price on application!*

The United Arts Rifles

To men wishing to join a Volunteer Regiment who are at a loss to know the particular battalion which would best suit them as regards the accessibility of headquarters, the hours of drill, and the class of person making up the corps, the United Arts Rifles is strongly to be recommended. It is specially suitable to those who are in any way connected with, or interested in, art, literature, drama, or music. Membership is not, however, confined to these professions; any man of refinement who has in him the spirit of good comradeship is welcomed. This well-known battalion was formed in the early part of August, 1914, and was the first to be established. It has achieved considerable reputation, and now has the honour to be the 1st Battalion of the County of London Regiment. Some hundreds of men have passed through its ranks into the regular army. The headquarters are the best in London, and, being situated close behind the Albert Hall, are easily got at from all directions.

"Marconis"—Three of them

Photo *Rita Martin*

This interesting photograph shows Lady Marconi and two of her children. Before her marriage to the inventor of "wireless" Lady Marconi was the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, daughter of Lord Inchiquin

In a Far—but not Forgotten—Field of War

Rounding-up the remaining German Forces in the East African Campaign is proceeding merrily. Here are a few prisoners being landed on the banks of a little river 160 miles from Abercorn. The buildings on the far bank are the palatial offices and workshops of the Zambesi Rubber Factory

The World War through a Woman's Eyes

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

MISS ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT RUMANIA

NOTE BY EDITOR.—*Miss Rosamond Boultbee is a well-known Canadian traveller and writer, who has recently returned from a prolonged visit to Rumania and Russia. She has probably as intimate a knowledge of affairs in both countries as anybody at the moment. We shall publish from time to time articles from her pen, which will be written from several of the allied countries that she is about to visit*

Cernavoda

IT does seem regrettable that the Cernavoda Bridge had to be blown up. It represented an enormous outlay of materials, labour, and money; and surely the enemy would have been at as great a disadvantage in having to cross the Danube over it, with the Russo-Rumanian troops holding the other side as he advanced, as he will be at when using pontoon bridges; but, of course, his advance will be slower now. I cannot think that either the Russians or the Rumanians had anticipated holding the Dobrudja if much force was brought against them there. And, really, the Dobrudja is Russia's business. Bits of it have been given to Rumania by Russia, first of all in 1878, and the latter piece, from Silistria to the Bulgarian frontier, in 1913. Therefore it cannot be a patriotic part of Rumania as yet. And for patriotism Rumania proper takes the lead of any country I've ever been in. It is to them as a religion. So I cannot just now, with the terrible fighting that is going on, imagine that there is any serious depression of *moral* in Rumania.

Kieff the Goal

THE advance in the Dobrudja is almost more serious for Russia than Rumania. The Central Powers have looked with greedy eyes at Southern Russia since the war commenced. To get to Kieff—that important railway centre—and from there to Odessa, with its idle port and its choked-up-with-wheat water front, is a priceless goal for the enemy. The feeding of Austria-Hungary would then be assured for some time to come; and then, also, direct water communication could be established with the already tired Turks.

Constanza

BUT there are many snags in front of Mackensen's army. The most important is that there are no cross-country railways in the Dobrudja. Last April I wanted to go to Constanza, and from there to the Galatz-René frontier into Russia; but I found that to do so from Bucharest I had to go to Constanza and back to Bucharest before getting into Russia. By the time the German-Bulgarian troops have reached Russia, even that slow-moving country can have enough soldiers to keep back the invaders.

Recollections of Kieff

LST December we were held up in Kieff for nearly six weeks, without communication with the south or west, because Russia was at that time moving some 300,000 troops down to the trenches in Bessarabia, to be ready for any emergency in case Rumania was invaded, an idea which was much discussed in Russia about a year ago. Kieff is not deprived of lighting during the war, but just then we had to give up gas, lifts, and, in fact, anything that needed steam power. All the coal was commandeered for the trains which transported the soldiers. Any personal discomfort in Russia must be borne if the war requires it of one. Everything is subservient to the war there. Russia is making the winning of this great struggle her pre-eminent duty. It doesn't matter whether it is this year, or last year, or the year after the festival of Holy St. Tibb, Russia intends to win this war.

Rumanian Patriotism

THE Rumanians expected hard and serious fighting. We all got so tired of waiting for them to come in that we said they were cold, calculating, or any other silly thing that we thought of. Perhaps this set-back will make us sympathetic with our gallant little Ally. And what country has ever become great without suffering? Rumania, I tell you, is one big lump of patriotism. Rumanians wished to enter this war as a reserve rather than a charge to the *Entente*. And so they hoped to time their entrance when the Allies could show that they were taking a homogeneous offensive rather than each taking an individual one.

Bratiano

MONSIEUR BRATIANO, their very astute Prime Minister, had three aphorisms with regard to the war. The first was that the Rumanians could not retreat more than five marches and be in their own country. The second was that they must be assured of their munitions; and the third was that Rumania would prove a very precious asset to the Allies when she did come in. And so she will yet, of that I am convinced. Another thing, Rumania had only Krupp guns, and Germany would not sell her munitions.

Truth About the Grain Purchase

AND what did little Rumania do? When we were all slanging her for selling cereals to Germany, when she was yet a neutral and had the right to deal

(*Continued on page 286*)

THE WORLD WAR THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES (concluded from page 285)

with whom she wished, she got payment in certain machinery, which it was only possible for her to get from Germany, and with that machinery made munitions herself with which to fight against the Germans. I feel, also, that Monsieur Bratiano would have liked to keep his country neutral until next spring. But we all talked them into war. A long-drawn-out campaign is impossible for Rumania. If she could occupy and hold Transylvania then she would possibly rest until the Allies all meet in a grand march into Germany.

⁂

The Riddle of Salonica

BUT whatever is happening at Salonica? Surely Rumania had some right to think that General Sarrail would take the offensive there, and so draw off the Bulgars. I have heard that Sarrail has aspirations of doing very great things in the Balkans, and of returning to France with as intact an army as possible. His own fame would then be immense; and a Greek army is also in his scheme. All very worthy, no doubt; but Rumania is suffering terribly from the procrastination.

⁂

Scruples About Greece

AND why do any of the countries bother further about Greece? Why did the British Fleet not bombard Athens when they refused the magnificent offer of the Island of Cyprus? Yes, I know there is the Acropolis and the Parthenon still tottering on top of it. But the Elgin Marbles and the best Metopes from the Parthenon are to be seen at the British Museum. Greeks—unreasonably, no doubt—say we stole their best treasures from them. So why bother about the few remains? It's the Parthenon or 100,000 men! Which is the more precious?

Tino the Indifferent

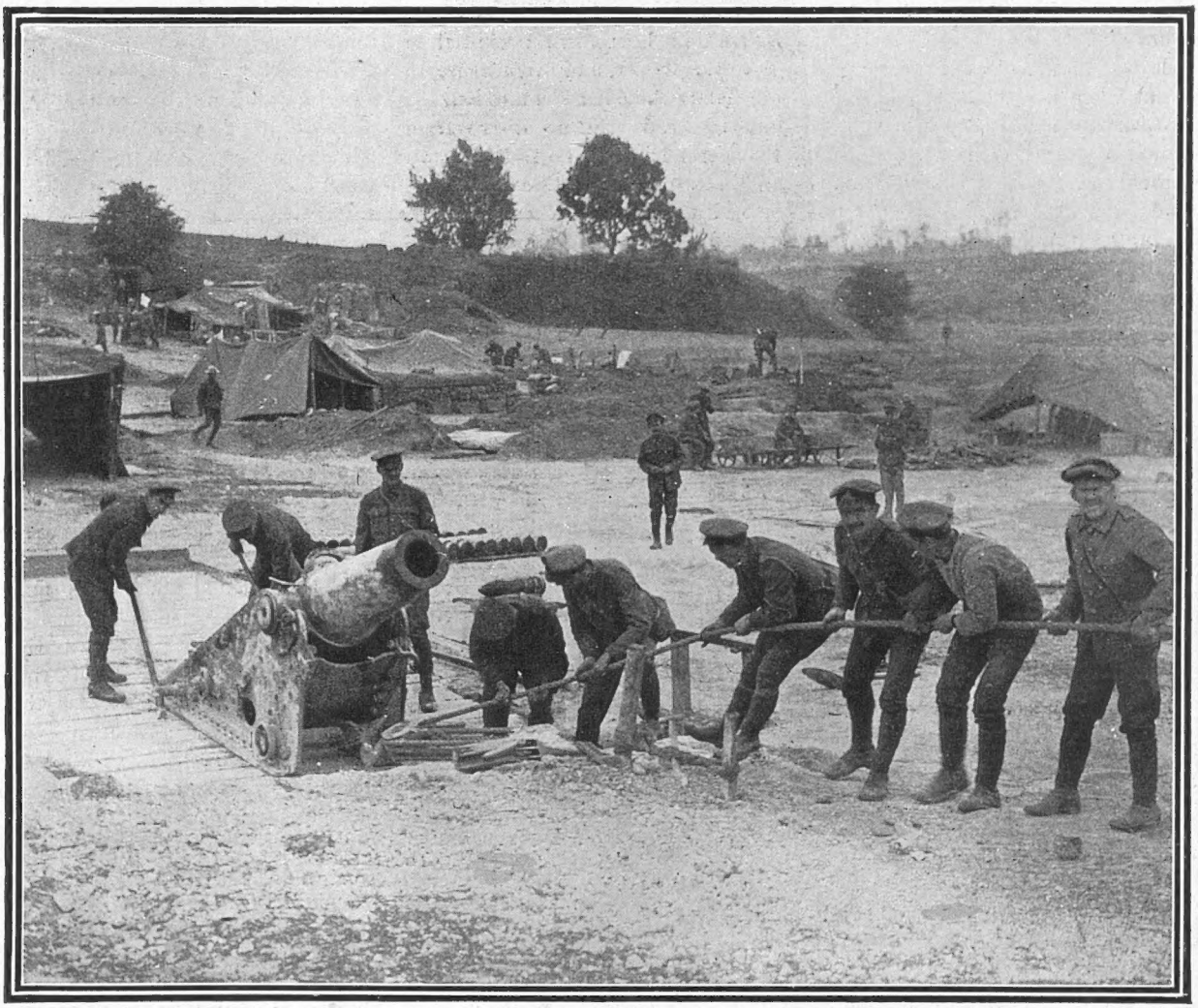
AND King Tino. Does anyone still think his throne means anything to him? He's a very rich man, and has his own private palace at Copenhagen. Why not invite him to go there? He's just plain stubborn and will not be driven, and Germany sneers at how easy it all is. If a King is wanted, why not have Crown Prince George of Greece? He has proved himself since the beginning of the war to be an *Entente* sympathiser.

⁂

Let us Get On!

GIVE the young man a chance. King Tino and Queen Sophie in Copenhagen, Prince George as Regent, and Venizelos out of the fighting and in his right place as Prime Minister of Greece—then, perhaps, we can get on with the Balkan campaign, which surely has hung fire long enough.

ROSAMOND BOULTBEE



ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Dragging one of the French howitzers into position

Official photograph issued on behalf of the Press Bureau. Crown copyright

Types They Have in the Navy

No. 8.—THE MINE-SWEEPER

The mine-sweeper's is probably the most exacting and prosaic job in the Service. No glory of spectacular achievement is his; no brilliant "stunts"; just hard work and plenty of it. But what the sea would be without those dingy vessels that paddle so unobtrusively about perhaps he alone knows

BY ARTHUR WATTS

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *November* 6, 1916

MY DEAR COUSIN—

EXTRAORDINARILY interesting, life, isn't it? So bewilderingly varied, and so utterly awful, and yet so perfectly lovely. Always the same, but always different, always with something round the corner. Commonplace, but wonderful; unutterably sad and cruel, yet exquisite and precious beyond words. And at its worst worth living. For the strong, rich flavour of humanity is always comforting and satisfying.

"Such a topping box"

❀ ❀

EVEN now . . . now, perhaps, more than ever. For the zest of life is added to and sharpened by the nearness of it all to—well, the end of life. Here in England now everything's just the same. The country quiet and peaceful and beginning to be wintry, with all the leaves blown off the trees and the days getting shorter, the nights longer. London hectic and pleasure-seeking, money being poured out, and not entirely on war-winning, the social wheel still turning, and even law and order decently preserved.

❀ ❀

AND over there, just across the water, all the things that they pray every day in the churches to be preserved from—battle, murder, and sudden death; the glory and primitive joy of fighting, and the price. . . . The long, long procession that's filling our hospitals with the youth and strength that's England's most precious possession.

❀ ❀

CONTRAST enough to stir the blood of even the dullest, even the least imaginative, isn't it? And not very wonderful, I suppose, if we are a little over-strung and over-excited. The world's aflame with the two great fundamental passions, love and hate. We who give our men consumed with pride and pity, and those who fight, if they fight well, busy forgetting their Christian upbringing. . . .

> Love your enemies.
> Do good to them that hurt you.
> Turn the other cheek.

Etc., etc. Who *could* love the Hun—except, of course, Americans? They manage to ignore, it seems, even those last disclosures.

❀ ❀

THOSE poor men of ours in that typhus camp at Gardelegen. Prisoners of war, men to whom, in civilised countries, the honours of war are due, treated by the loathly Germans with an inhumanity almost inconceivable, quite unforgiveable. We, I suppose, shall forget in time—the shortness of the public's memory is almost more astounding than the depth of its credulity. But Ruhleben and Gardelegen and a few other things. . . . may we not forget too indecently soon, if only in bare justice to our poor defenceless men.

❀ ❀

CONCERTS in dozens there are, and picture shows in heaps. Roger Fry decorations in Berkeley Street so we shouldn't forget, even in wartime, how important are the new ideas in art. The Beecham opera thronged nightly with "souls" in very good frocks, and often with St. Augustine Birrell in tow. Smart modern-war-composer recitals in Bond Street, also with the younger souls for patronesses, and a real high-brow reading in Mayfair of Gilbert Murray's version of the *Alcestis*.

❀ ❀

POOR old Euripides. I suppose he was *born* to bore; but you would think that sort of remote artificiality a form of swank that'd have died a natural death in the midst of the realities of war, wouldn't you? And even in peacetime I'm not quite sure that it's sincere, you know, this admiration for ancient Greek tragedy. To one man in a thousand, perhaps, it does make a real appeal. But to women—women "with their earth-bound feet and their eyes that have never seen the stars"—not to one in ten thousand!

❀ ❀

REALLY more wonderful than anything, though, the way a certain set bears up; and what Scotland Yard, or whoever it is, was *thinking* of the other day I can't think when over it went and so tiresomely raided the set's particular pet night club. Of course, the ginger-beer bottles hadn't got ginger-beer in them—what can you expect if they *will* make such silly licensing laws?—and so the whole crowd, which includes a very Dukey Duke and a Cabinet Minister and a horribly rich American hostess, are rather wondering just what an ungrateful country's going to do about it—their gallant efforts to keep cheerful in wartime, I mean.

"The newest frock"

BUT I expect they'll only fine them—and what's a fine to millionaires and Ministers? In the circs. they couldn't do anything *serious*, could they, like condemning them actually to *drink* ginger-beer for the duration of the war? Or even more awful, shutting up the club. What *would* all the revue ladies do who carry on there so gallantly every night their noble task of cheering up the men on leave—and any others who may happen to turn up. Heaven forbid that we should sap the very foundations of English war-society by removing a single one of these ladies from their present sphere of usefulness. Can't quite see them doing any other kind of war-work, can you? Wouldn't be half so much appreciated, either, if they were merely doing some of the jobs that some people think are more useful, even if they're not quite so ornamental. I assure you at the canteens and places where women work themselves (without pay) almost to rags cooking and feeding and washing up for munition-workers and things, they don't even get a "Thank you" for their pains, and are distinctly looked down upon by the (paid) workers.

⁂ ⁂

BY the way, talking of Society in England now the author of the latest memoirs "The End of a Chapter," one, admittedly, of their number, thinks the present sect will decay just as the old one did—"that caste of some five hundred privileged trustees which has extended into a mob of ten thousand, few of whom are native gentry, and the most prominent seldom Europeans."

⁂ ⁂

WITHIN some memories, English Society was a feudal club without right of entry from outside. Eugenics as a science were unknown, but the social value of good breeding was even over-appreciated. Blood led to position and success. Betwixt the squirearchy and the *plebs* there was a great gulf fixed.

BUT we've changed all that. On the one hand, as he says, American women charmed their way into the charmed circle, while, on the other, Jews and mercantile princes entered by all manner of financial hooks and crooks. The indiscriminate entry of these has changed such standards as made social privileges worth while.

⁂ ⁂

AFTER which it's a relief to read that the decay or soundness of society influences every profession except the Navy. "The distinction of the English Navy as well as its safeguard is in being outside Society. The Navy is the force which never ceases to be in action. Naval officers are devoted to their Service, like Levites, from their youth up. The standing Army includes men of sport and Society as well as the professional strategist; but the naval officer finds his profession paramount and absorbing. Hard toil and scant pay are his, that others may be safe in gathering the riches of the world."

⁂ ⁂

BUT why shouldn't Society influence the Services—or even if it didn't want to, how could it help doing it? The smart modern woman has so many more opportunities than even, say, Cleopatra—don't you think so? And uses them, too—lunch invitations, teas, dinners, suppers at Ciro's, little runs into Surrey in the car, breathers down to Maidenhead, theatre-parties, the opera, the impromptu dance. Really, you can't wonder if even the most official of officials carries on a bit unofficially sometimes. As the proverb has it, continual dropping weareth away a stone, and even a worm will turn

⁂ ⁂

TOO absurd, of course, to talk about petticoat influence as if it were a crime or even anything

(*Continued on page 290*)

"We wish they were rainproof"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page* 289)

out of the ordinary. Why, I don't believe the poor old world would go on turning at all hardly if women didn't keep on oiling the wheels, and giving a friendly push. And, after all, he's a dull dog who isn't susceptible where women are concerned and who's never done perfectly dreadful things just for a kiss, don't you think? "A mans' man"—is there *anything* more frightfully boring? Still—well, I suppose you *can* carry things a *bit* too far in the opposite direction; and with men, there's no happy medium. They either go too far—or not far enough.

❋ ❋

EVEN Gladstone—now, there's an old thing I've always regarded as the very epitome of the virtues. You know, not bolting your food and family prayers, and that sort of thing. But my books of the week from Mudie's include G. W. E. Russell's "Portraits of the 'Seventies," and there I've just read how even the G.O.M. wouldn't trust himself alone in a room with a bottle of port. "I should drink it to the last drop," he said.

❋ ❋

APROPOS of gobblers, Helen sends a thousand thanks to my nice gunner major-man who sent her along such a topping box of Charbonel's very nicest because she drew him in his wigwam in the desert. He wants to know now what *I* want, but as that's that they should all come along home again—well, I'm afraid I'll have to wait for it, won't I? And, anyway, they send me such a lot already, such delightful letters and such quite undeserved expressions of gratitude and such amusing invitations. Here's one from the ranks (unusual honour).

❋ ❋

"As invitations are the order of the day," writes an audacious corporal of the Cambridgeshires, "here is one from a Tommy—yes, many Tommies read your letters. Do come out and see us in France, but come soon, or we shall be in Germany, and you wouldn't like to come there. We would gladly give you the best dug-out in our trench, even if we had to turn out our sergeant-major, and we'd hang up fresh clean sandbags to keep out all the creepers.

❋ ❋

"As for a bath, you shall have that too, if we have to send fatigue parties *miles* for it, and we'd scour the countryside to get you a nice dinner (or else see the officers' servants). It would be glorious to set eyes on one real English girl after *twenty* months out here and only *one* leave. But, ah, *what* a leave!" etc., etc.

❋ ❋

DEAR things, aren't they, and all very sore on the "leaf" subject evidently. A Hussar cannot forget that I said the cavalry were in clover because they got leave regularly every three months. "I've had nearly a year of it, and no leave yet and no sign of any." And an Australian soldierman says I might like to know that the majority of the original men in the first Australian Division have had *no* leave in *twenty-four* months. "Do say so in your weekly letter, will you, then perhaps the Brass Hats will wake up to the fact that it's about time we got some."

❋ ❋

"There is a full moon"

FUNNY thing, there never seems any shortage of leave to *me*—I mean, there always appear to be quite a few of them about, you know. And all endowed with such reserves of energy that—well, I find a day in bed's the best rest-cure of all, don't you? And it also bucks you up for the next bout. By the way, those poor dear men who really haven't been home for months and months and months will find we've changed our "line" when they do come. No more fluff. No more ballet skirts. Almost, in fact, no more legs (a horrid blow!). A slender silhouette.

❋ ❋

THE new frocks are quite, *quite* different. We now hang straight from shoulder to ankle, and they call it the *robe chemise*, and it's very mediæval and Florentine and intriguing, and there's just nothing about it but marvellous "line" and lovely stuff; but, of course, just at the moment the price is simply terrific—it costs a lot keeping in the movement. And it wasn't meant for the fat kine, needless to say. Nothing ever was, so no one's fat these days.

❋ ❋

WELL, cousin, I must fly. There's a moon this week, and the consequences are—that I'm not afraid to go out in the dark! By the way, this is the last about the woundeds:

LOVELY LADY (*giving Tommy an airing in her samite-upholstered Rolls-Royce*): "And where were you wounded?"

TOMMY: "Oh, *I'm* not one of the woundeds, ma'am. I'm on the verminous side."

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

War-Workers and their Wiles

FIRST LADY NURSE TO SECOND LADY NURSE: "Hasn't Lady Constance got stuck-up since she's had housemaid's knee?"

Le Dernier Cri de Paris

We are glad to provide our readers with another page of M. Nimidoff's inimitable sketches of Paris fashions—the very latest and most charming effects in the world of dress

A "Capucine" cape of ermine and black velvet, over a grey dress trimmed with a very deep border of skunk. The hat is also trimmed with ermine

A very full silk mantle in the kimono style, with deep collar, cuffs and border of skunk. The sleeves are decorated with large buttons both above and underneath

A long evening cloak in velours chiffon with a wide grey fox border, adorned with passementerie

An afternoon wrap of chiffon velvet trimmed with white fox. The collar by an ingenious extension below the belt forms two pockets

The Bystander in Paris

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS

"The 'j'm'en vais manger' gesture"

I CALL them Mother Carey's chickens because they are "stormy petrels." *Qu'est ce que vous voulez que je vous dise, moi? On s'amuse comme on peut* in wartime. In the olden and golden days of peace we used to think that nothing could be ruder than a cabman. There were degrees of rudeness in London, Paris, and elsewhere, but when petrol came in we all welcomed the advent of the chauffeur for he was smart and courteous, and he saved one's time with a smile. But gradually the quality of Paris chauffeurs deteriorated. They became mere taxicabmen. And then the war came, and with the war came a certain shortage of explosive fuel and a glut of explosive language.

❋

NOW, after two years of war, the Paris taxicab-driver is the tyrant of civilian Paris, and very well he knows it. No, I am not exaggerating. It is my fate occasionally to need a cab for a hurried rush into the centre of the town about the middle of the day. On a broad boulevard just outside my door there is a taxicab stand. Behold, then, your servant trotting out at about twelve o'clock to keep an appointment a mile or two away at five minutes past twelve. "Yes, I'm late," he murmurs, "but nowadays with taxicabs there is no such thing as distance. Pst! Chauffeur!" There are twenty-seven cabs on that rank at my door, and there is not a chauffeur to be seen on any one of them. As a matter of form, though I know it is going to be useless, I appeal to a nondescript person who in the prehistoric days before petrol would have been described as the waterman. I suggest that there might be at least one chauffeur in readiness for a fare.

"I watched a lady attempting to secure seventeen cabs one after the other"

❋

THE waterman looks at me and shrugs his shoulders. "*Qu'est ce que vous voulez que je vous dise, moi?*" he says. "*Faut bien qu'y mangent!*" It evidently is a prime necessity. I have tried to get a cab at all hours from eleven till two recently. I have seen rows of cabs on stands from half-past six till nine, but the chauffeurs are always too busy feeding to accept a fare. And yet I remembered hearing Paris chauffeurs talk about the hardships of their lives, whenever the price of petrol rose, and it occurred to me to go and have dinner in a chauffeurs' restaurant one evening and see how the poor chap kept himself warm in wartime. There were

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 293)

three chauffeurs at my table. They began with soup—vermicelli soup—and then laid in a slight foundation of sardines and radishes by way of *hors d'œuvres*. A beef steak followed, then a large plate of well-buttered French beans, cheese, stewed pears, coffee and liqueurs. Wonderful how they manage to keep body and soul together, isn't it? And each man's bill was well over three francs. Two of the three smoked cigars with their coffee, and although while I was in that restaurant four people looked in and asked whether *un de ces messieurs* cared to accept a fare, not one of the chauffeurs (and the place was full of them) would disturb his digestion. Unless you want a cab yourself it is quite an amusing experience to stand at a street corner in Paris nowadays and watch other people trying to get one. The other morning I watched a lady attempting to secure seventeen cabs one after the other. I compiled a little table of statistics for your benefit.

"I am not going to drive an embusqué"

❀

Five chauffeurs whizzed past without taking any notice whatever of her raised umbrella. Eight, as they passed her, made the "*j'm'en vais manger*" gesture. This, perhaps, needs explanation, though the artist will explain it better than I can. However, in case you should like to imitate a Paris chauffeur, here is the gesture in detail. Keeping your left hand on the steering-wheel you throw up your right hand, bunching the finger points together as if you were an Italian *prima donna* about to throw kisses to the audience. You open your mouth widely and point three times with your bunched fingers to the aperture, then you go on your way rejoicing, for you have refused to gratify another *sale bourgeois*. Four chauffeurs took the trouble to stop when the lady summoned them. "*Ou que vous allez?*" said the first, The lady told him. "*Penses tu?*" said the chauffeur. And off he went. "*Ou que vous allez?*" said the second. And the lady told him. "*Non, mais des fois!*" said the chauffeur. The proposal of the third one made the lady very angry. The seventeenth chauffeur said: "You can get in, but it will cost you five francs." So the lady took the Métro. and paid five sous instead.

❀

I have a theory about the Paris chauffeur nowadays. I believe he must be a millionaire in disguise, whose doctor has ordered him open air and carriage exercise, and that he only takes a fare now and again for fun. Of course, the mystery of the chauffeur's reluctance to chauff *may* be explained by the expense of fuel, but if that were so it is rather puzzling that he should come out at all. The other evening, rather late, a friend and I attempted to board a cab on a stand on the boulevard opposite the Crédit Lyonnais. It was the only cab on the rank, and the chauffeur was asleep inside it. We woke him up, and this annoyed him. We told him we wanted to go to the Boulevard de Clichy, rather less than ten minutes' drive away. He looked at us, didn't like the look of us, grunted "*Je ne marche pas,*" and went to sleep again. We shook him into wakefulness, and asked him why. His reason was, he said, that his was the only cab on the rank. He appeared to think that conclusive, and we walked home.

❀

But *he* was only a passive resister. The latest development in war taxicab-drivers in Paris is the conscientious objector. I heard of him yesterday. A friend of mine, who is a great deal older than he looks, had been to the theatre with two ladies, and when a cabman refused to drive them home he applied to a policeman, for by law a taxicabman on a stand in Paris is not supposed to refuse a fare. When the policeman came up, cabby argued: "Why isn't he at the front, that one?" he said. "*I* have been to the Front, me! I have my papers perfectly in order, and I am not going to drive an *embusqué!*"

❀

It looks as though Socialism might be fairly rampant in Paris in its more disagreeable forms after the war, doesn't it? Only the other day a waiter in a Paris restaurant refused in my hearing to take orders from a customer. "He treats me as though I was a servant," said the man. "I am an employé, me, not a servant." Yes—*qu'est ce que vous voulez que je vous dise, moi?*

John N. Raphael

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

The Glorious Fifth

PASSED BY CENSOR

"'Ere, Guy Fawkes—buzz off!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Some Stunts of a Subaltern i

Instructing his Colonel

First Aid

Observing

H.L. Oakley. Lt. 1916

Comp

Serving out Rations

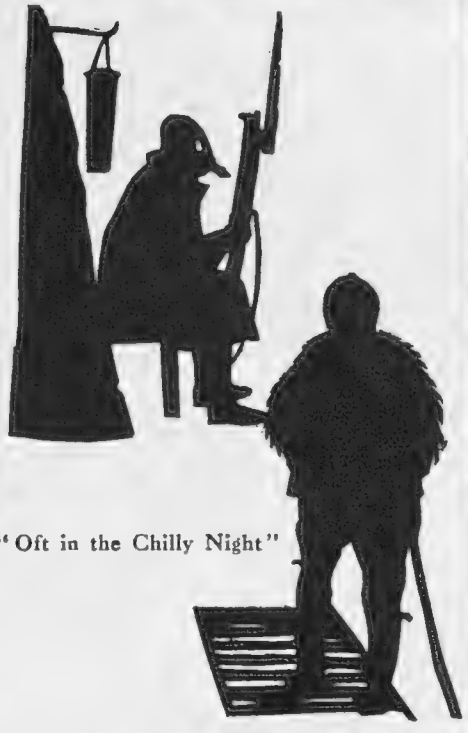
Lieut. Oakley presents in this page of pictures various details of the duties of a Platoon Commander in the trenches—duties which, like those of the housewife, are "never done." From "Stand to!" an hour before sunrise to "Stand to!" at sunset his life is a continual round of work, and at night, in addition to the regular watches shared with the other officers of his company, he is liable to be roused at any time. He gets very little time to himself, and when he retires to his dug-out to

in Silhouette—By One of 'Em

Inspecting Rifles

"Anything to Report?"

mpany Mess in a Dug-out



"Oft in the Chilly Night"

Working on Top of the Parapet

write a few lines home he finds a pile of letters from his men waiting to be censored. He knows all about his men, and shares their joys and sorrows, acting as "guide, philosopher and friend," and by his example encouraging them to be cheery under the most trying circumstances. He keeps them as clean and comfortable as possible; and the "boys," in their turn, look up to him and make things easy in return

Meditation

Camera Portrait *Hugh Cecil*

THE NEWEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS MOLLY VERE

The charming actress who has been engaged for the production of "Houp-la" at the new St. Martin's Theatre

The Origin of Dress.

CORRECTING NATURE'S INEQUALITIES

BY "EFEMERA."
Illustrated by Hill Clarke

Three Theories

THERE may be said to be two theories of dress: the first is that we cover ourselves to hide our nakedness; the other that we dress to—well, not exactly to reveal it, but, let us say delicately, to suggest what charms our clothes conceal. There is a third theory: that we dress to protect our bodies from the cold, but that one is not worth mentioning. Otherwise, why should we wear fur-trimmed garments in summer and brave the wintry blasts, out of doors, with nothing more substantial than a pneumonia blouse of lace and *tulle* between us and the cold world, and in our bedrooms ward off pleurisy by means of pride and a *ninon* "nightie"? Anyone who knows anything about women knows that vanity and the consciousness of being smartly arrayed are quite sufficient to keep any woman comfortably warm or cool. So the third theory can be dismissed with the contempt it richly deserves. The other two are worthy of serious consideration.

❀ ❀

Real Modesty

A FEMALE friend of mine, in a moment of inspiration, once said that what we call modesty is only the consciousness of possessing no beauty worth displaying. There is a good deal in it. If a woman is sure of her charms she naturally wishes to display them; she is even more anxious, as a rule, to cover up defects. If all the individuals of the human race, particularly the feminine half of it, had always been gloriously beautiful and endowed with the gift of eternal youth, I doubt if we should at any time have had any clothes to speak of.

The Kindly Veil

BUT, alas! not everyone can present an impeccable appearance in the "altogether." In fact, comparatively few women can be sure that nature intended them for artists' models. There is nearly always some detail, even if it be a comparatively insignificant one, that is the better for a kindly veil. At least, its possessor is not exactly eager to challenge comparison with better-favoured rivals; she prefers to accentuate her own strong points and to hide the rest. In this case, modesty is the better part of discretion.

❀ ❀

The First Modest Woman

THE first woman to discover that her person left something to be desired was the inventor of clothes—she was the first modest woman. Naturally, so convenient a discovery spread quickly. Other women were quick to perceive the advantages of a decent reticence. The custom became general, for those who thought it better to clothe themselves being in the majority in a world where one cannot remain always in one's teens or early twenties, their opinion became public opinion. And so the practice and sentiment of modesty became established as the chief of feminine virtues. At least, that is how I imagine it. And the ladies of the minority, who otherwise would have remained naked and unashamed, not wishing to be left, literally and metaphorically, out in the cold, followed suit as a matter of course. It is all as plain as daylight.

❀ ❀

Concealment *Versus*—

I DARE SAY that in the beginning draperies were carefully arranged with a view to displaying

"A real triumph of art over the favouritism of nature"

THE ORIGIN OF DRESS (*concluded from page* 301)

natural advantages and concealing the rest—indeed, to a certain extent that is still the rule; but with the natural and cultivated ingenuity of the female sex the art of dressing took a further step forward. From being adopted to hide defects, clothing was developed until, by care, forethought, and some artifice, it could not only veil a blemish, but actually pass it off on the unsuspecting observer as a charm.

❋ ❋

—Artifice

THE woman with a thick, clumsy waist squeezed it with bandages or pulled it in with stays until she could go about looking thinner waisted than her slimmest rivals. That was when small waists were the fashion. When a substantial middle was admired, as it is in these days, slender-waisted women wore straight-up-and-down stays, calculated to obliterate all unfashionable curves, and sometimes padded out excessive hollows—a real triumph of art over the unkind favouritism of nature.

❋ ❋

The Lady Herself

THE slim ideal is not so easily achieved by all and sundry, even by means of prayer and fasting, not to mention straight-jacket garments, but exuberant curves are readily simulated. In the days of bustles and pads, crinolines and panniers, it was almost, if not quite, impossible for mere man to determine by the use of his eyes how much of a lady was herself and how much was hers by right of purchase. That was, perhaps, overdoing it a little. Subtler means are preferable. Besides, it made too much for equalisation; and if there is anything a really feminine woman abhors it is to do away with her distinctive advantages by putting herself on a par with every other woman. Men may wish to believe themselves free and equal; women will be free if they choose, but equality is not their ruling passion.

❋ ❋

Not Always What They Seem

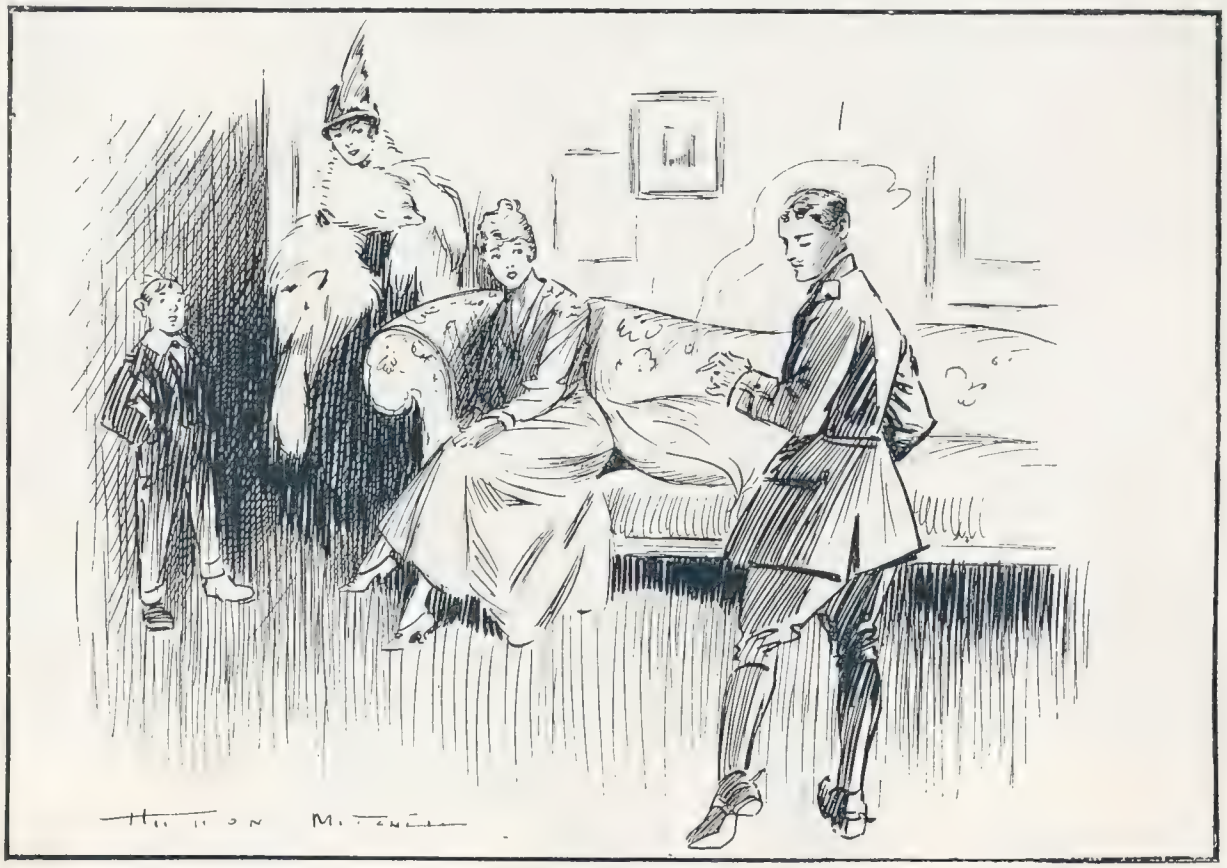
APROPOS of freedom, they have at least succeeded in practically freeing themselves from the inequalities of nature. Any woman can appear to have just as much or as little hair as she pleases, and the hairdresser aids and abets her in her desire to have it wavy, whether or not it is actually as straight as a yard of pump-water. She manages to achieve the sort of figure she most admires or the one that happens to be in fashion. She can gladden the eye of the beholder with abundant curves, or, discarding them at will, fulfil the æsthetic ideal of the ascetic with a hungry and nonchalant leanness.

❋ ❋

The Triumph Over Nature

EVEN in the matter of her apparent inches she is mistress, for by means of high heels and slim lines she can counterfeit height, while by cunningly disposing the cut of her clothes and the arrangement of her draperies she can shorten herself amazingly. By means of a kittenish and short-petticoated style of raiment she can at any age assume the outward aspect of a flapper—anyway, from a discreet distance, or from behind. She can so dress her plainness, if it be anything short of deformity, as to appear attractive and fascinating, if not actually beautiful. Indeed, there is hardly any effect she cannot triumphantly produce. What women would do supposing they were suddenly and arbitrarily to be deprived of their clothes I do not know. Throw themselves into the sea, I should think, out of the sheer modesty that is the consciousness of defects.

EFEMERA



EXPLANATORY

THE LATEST "SUB" (to admiring family): "And those jolly old things on our heels are what we stick in the gee-gee when we want to change speed"

A Fair Fancy in Fur

Photo *Rita Martin*

A really charming portrait of Miss Peggy Kurton, who is now playing with great success one of the principal parts in "Theodore and Co." at the Gaiety Theatre

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Lucky Jim" at the St. James's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS farce is the result of the posthumous joke of an elderly gentleman who elaborated it carefully before being gathered to his fathers. The play is quite ingenious and amusing, and I should have thought it deserved a good deal more support than appears to have been accorded to it. On the decease of the elderly gentleman referred to, the family are awaiting the reading of the will with the usual perplexing mixture of simulated grief and great expectations. There are four possible heirs to the coveted estate, and each of them is satisfied that he is to be the fortunate heir—that is, of course, unless justice and fairplay are henceforth to be a dead letter in this our England. In each case, apparently, the heir-expectant concludes that the money will be his because he needs it; but if the need for money constituted a sufficient claim to it in law, I for one should be going about in a ridiculously wealthy state.

THE next-of-kin to the deceased gentleman is Lord Wytham, an eccentric peer whose peculiarities have driven from home his younger son, the Hon. James Parsons, hereinafter known as "Jim." It seems that Jim is something of a prodigal, and it has been the rule for centuries that the prodigal son should come off better than the rest of us at the finish. Jim left his happy home for Canada; but in that land of acute industry a man with a chronic inability to work could hardly expect to carve out a fortune for himself. So he borrowed his fare and returned home. He arrives on the scene just after the terms of the will have been made known. These are to the effect that the family solicitor is to hide the will in some part of Lord Wytham's ancestral hall, and the fortune is to go to the first of the four possible heirs who succeeds in finding it.

WHEN Jim returns from Canada he brings with him a few gifts for his family. They are necessarily not numerous, nor of great value; for it appears that even in up-to-date Canada the absurdly old-fashioned rule prevails that if you haven't got the money you can't have the goods. Jim's present to his father is a model of an Indian canoe, which he fashioned with his own hands in his spare time. But Lord Wytham refuses to accept such a present, and pitches it contemptuously to the floor. It is in

this model canoe that the family solicitor, in the fulfilment of his trust, conceals the fateful will; and at the end of the first act, while the other hopeful heirs are groping wildly into corners, behind pictures, and under carpets, Jim walks off sadly with his model canoe under his arm without the least idea of the value of his burden. From that point onwards the will travels considerably; yet, while it is always the unexpected that happens, it is never the improbable. After all, if you do not know that the piece of paper in your hands is a will entitling you to money in oppressive quantities, there is no reason why you should not use it as a wad for a painful shoe, or why you should not drop it carelessly into the pocket of your overcoat.

VERY few farces are unable to get through to the third act without the introduction of a person who is supposed to be insane. In this farce the bull is boldly taken by the horns, and the alleged lunatic is admittedly an inmate of a home for the feeble-minded, with a weakness for stealing overcoats. Of course, if we could all remodel human nature in this way to suit ourselves, romance would be easy to write; but it is only fair to say that while this part of the farce is, perhaps, a little artificial, Mr. Roy Byford, as the harmless lunatic, introduces so much playful business into his amusing part that he easily justifies his special creation. Another outstanding performance in this farce is that of Mr. F. B. J. Sharp as an impecunious insurance agent who lives in the usual suburban villa with a high-sounding name. I do not go to theatres very much; and Mr. Sharp's name is, therefore, new to me; but he appears to be a comedian of quite rare distinction. Another successful performance is that of Miss Esmé Beringer, the insurance agent's wife with a taste for romance. Miss Esmé Beringer, by the way, is entitled to a double share of congratulations, since she is also the authoress of this very amusing play, the only fault of which, as far as I can see, is that its pristine originality seems to have been sacrificed in too many places to the red-tape rules of dramatic tradition. I received the impression here and there that we might have had a really droll scene if some unnecessarily restraining hand had not come down between the authoress and her work with the plea that that sort of thing would never do because it had not been done before.

JINGLE

To Please Propriety

Mr. Henry Seton's play "Lucky Jim," now doing well at the St. James's Theatre, is full of laughter-provoking scenes and dialogue, while being at the same time a performance to which you could take your aunt, or a curate, or even a soldier on leave!

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

NOTE BY EDITOR.—*The intention of these letters is to clear up to our French friends some of the mysteries of life in "Blighty." Our contributor is well known in Paris, where he has discharged important duties, and is now similarly engaged in London.*

"DOGGED DOES IT"—IN FRENCH

CHER AMI—

WE learn that France "quivered with pride" at the news from Verdun. I don't wonder. This quiver has, to some extent, passed through England latterly on your account, but in a different way. I must give you the British point of view of Verdun, for so few of your countrymen know what we really think about a word that will be emblazoned on the battle honours of French history.

⁂ ⁂

WE have had no very great spectacular show on our side, like Verdun, for instance. Of course, we had our Retreat; and the Ypres salient, and the concentrated heroism which centred itself there, unhonoured and unsung, roused us to some extent from our pessimism. But nothing, I think, has, in our lives, so thrown itself upon the screen of our national imagination as the "scrapping at Verdun."

⁂ ⁂

VERDUN gave to the lethargic Britisher his first awakening to what a French soldier can do when he is really "up against it." I confess he had ample opportunities ere Verdun for realising the superb fighting qualities of his Ally. But this episode in the war roused suddenly the Englishman's sporting instincts, and not until they are aroused does he sit up and take notice. And with the rousing, John Bull sat down just on the edge of the ring, as it were, and gave the matter his undivided attention. This was so kind of him! He also immediately began to make bets about it, a sure indication of his enthusiasm. "I'll lay you 6 to 4 they get Verdun." Money changed hands in large quantities, and Great Britain and Ireland (particularly the sportsmen of Ireland) began to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Acquit me of flippancy, *mon vieux*; we most of us understood full well the darkness of those French days. But we are a queer race, and the joy which a spectacular "scrap" rouses in us is a trait in our national character which no series of calamities will ever eradicate.

⁂ ⁂

IT became borne in upon us that the Germans had, or thought they had, found a joint in the French harness, and were lance-thrusting into that crack in the armour with all their strength. Right. This disclosed the makings of a very pretty fight, and we grinned appreciatively. One knew that England was taking a lively interest in this affair because one heard in the street, in the train, and elsewhere such remarks as: "These 'ere coves are puttin' up a tidy bit o' fightin' at Verdun" (pronounced "Vird'n").

AND your attitude to your anxious Allies of "stand away, please; this is *our* little affair—we will deal with it," delighted us beyond the limits of our cramped vocabulary. During the dire weeks that followed, when the ebb and flow of those Gargantuan assaults stirred us as few other things in this war have stirred us, we became immersed in "Vird'n." And when clarity emerged from the opaque pale of doubt as to your chances of holding on, and we saw them weakening, and you still dancing about the ring leading strongly with the left, though your feet slipped in the blood beneath you—then we sighed with the great sigh of satisfaction, even those of us who had lost our money, for we had witnessed a small man giving away much weight in this "ten-round contest" not only refusing the knock-out, but displaying an exhibition of footwork and ringcraft that left us dry-lipped with excitement.

⁂ ⁂

WE left, most of us, before the end, because we had urgent private affairs to attend to on the Somme. So we went away saying "Dogged does it" (an old English axiom of ours) and "Great Scott! that little feller can fight, and no mistake. What?" etc., etc.

⁂ ⁂

NOW we hear more. We are extremely busy on the Somme, as aforesaid, and whatever news from elsewhere reaches us we receive abstractedly, for weighty matters are afoot monopolising our whole attention. As instancing the point of view of one typical Englishman: a fellow-passenger turned to me in the train the other day and, tapping the *Times* with his spectacles, said in an amazed voice: "I say, have you seen this? These French troops have broken the Verdun front on a line of five miles to a depth in the centre of two miles, and have taken to date 5,000 prisoners. They are *attacking*, sir, attacking—and there's no holding them." He seemed nonplussed, astonished, and a little peevish at being suddenly presented, without warning, with such a *bouleversement* of his ideas. I am afraid I did not evince the same astonishment, as I am, happily, one of those who have made money out of my bets, knowing the French character, and, therefore, to some extent betting on a certainty! But the present attitude over here, *mon ami*, would amuse and interest you. It may be summed up in one sentence, culled from many others that have been poured into my ears of late:

"I say, these French chaps are pretty hot stuff. What? I can't make them out at all!"

Mes amitiés à Madame votre mère,

JOHN

"In a Persian Garden"

Being the Records of

OMAR KHAYYAM

A Song Cycle composed by Liza Lehmann

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY have pleasure in announcing the issue of an Album containing a set of eight magnificent records of Liza Lehmann's beautiful Song Cycle, "In a Persian Garden." Liza Lehmann's exquisite music so perfectly interprets the Oriental luxuriance of Khayyam's glowing quatrains that no music lover will be able to resist the charm of these records.

The ALBUM

which contains them is beautifully produced and contains eight full colour illustrations from original paintings, and a short note on Omar Khayyam's life and work. The Album can be obtained at the Leading Music Houses in your district. The price is £2 : 2 : 0, including the eight records. Our dealers will be pleased to show you the Album so that you can convince yourself of its beauty, and they will play you the records so that you may realise their superb tonal purity.

No owner of a gramophone can consider his collection complete unless these exquisite Omar Khayyam records are included in it. You could not think of any finer Christmas present.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it write direct to

THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX

His Master's Voice

C.F.H.

The Bystander in Stockholm

AUTOCRAT
QUEEN VICTORIA

AUTOCRAT Queen Victoria has abandoned her two-years-old design to deflect Sweden into the war on Germany's side; and thereat Stockholm's "Activists"—*i.e.*, spouters who want other men to fight actively—are very sore. I got the news from a friend (his name does not end with "lund," as most Swede names do) who contributes to two fierce pink evening papers, the *Aftonblad* and the *Allehanda*, both of which thrill with pro-G. war activity. He said, tearfully, that the war was off.

⁂

AUTOCRAT Queen Victoria is the most masterly, sharp-eyed, keen-willed personage in Sweden's tame Court. Equally, her daughter-in-law, Crown Princess Margaret (*née* Connaught), wife of pallid Crown Prince Gustav Adolf, is the most *sympatisk*. So Swedes say. When Crown Princess Margaret is not looking after her infants, she tends a wonderful sub-tropical garden at Sofiero, just outside the Sound, and from the terrace she can see Hun warships. She has written a nice book about her garden. And when Autocrat Queen Victoria is not knitting she is running high politics. Sometimes she runs them from the imposing Stockholm Palace built by Nicodemus Tessin; more often she runs them from native Karlsruhe; but run them she always does.

⁂

AUTOCRAT Queen Victoria is, naturally, a super-sound German, for she is sister to Grand-duke Friedrich II. of Baden. She spends half her time in Baden; and she was asleep in Karlsruhe Schloss when French airmen, as reprisal for a Hun outrage, dropped bombs. There was a fierce scream in Sweden; Premier Hammarskjöld protested to France's Minister; and everyone was shocked except Autocrat Queen Victoria. It takes more than bombs to shock her. Count Douglas (since dead), Marshal of the Kingdom, a Scot by origin and a fierce pro-G., told me the story. When a bomb went through the palace roof ten yards from her room she rang for her maid, and said languidly: "Surely our airmen when they're on their way to bomb the French ought to be more careful."

GENERAL VON FALKENHAYN

Selected by the Kaiser to co-operate with General Mackensen in the operations against Rumania, has been severely wounded

AUTOCRAT Queen Victoria is, naturally, not loved by Sweden's Social-Democrats, by Herr Branting, Herr Höglund, and other stout *Entente* friends and peace men. Early in the war her Majesty provoked a storm by receiving a deputation of officers from the Prussian regiment of which she is chief, and accepting their grim gift—a tiara made of Belgian shell splinters. This event was discussed, debated, denied, and affirmed in Sweden's Press for six months; and since then the Socialists have been sharply attacking Autocrat Queen Victoria for trying to drag Sweden into the war.

AUTOCRAT Queen Victoria knows how to get back on her enemies, though her husband—mild, professorial King Oscar Gustav V. Adolph (that is his right name)—does not. Socialist Deputy Höglund lately rose in the Riksdag and fiercely attacked the Queen and the mild King for dragging Sweden into the War. Foreign Minister Wallenberg defended the King and Queen, and as Riksdag speeches are privileged, no one could prosecute Höglund for *lèse-majesté*. A few days later Höglund demonstrated for a general strike in case Sweden mobilised (in Germany's favour). Then Swedish justice remembered that demonstrations *outside* the Riksdag are not privileged, and Höglund was tried and sent to three years' penal servitude. On appeal the sentence was reduced to mere imprisonment; but as Höglund is reported to be studying Esperanto he probably sighs for the penal.

⁂

AUTOCRAT Queen Victoria is called Autocrat because she is the real brains, will, vision, temperament, and generally "breeches" of this ladylike land. Of course, since she was born German and prefers to live in Germany, her "pro-ism" must be taken for granted. Report says that she gets on as swimmingly with English Crown Princess Margaret as if the two had been born in Karlsruhe—or Connaught. In Tessin's big palace the war is never talked of. I went there yesterday at midday, and saw the guard being relieved in best Unter den Linden style; and with my back to an open window I discovered what the palace really talks about. In the window were King George's small kinsmen, Princess Margaret's boys, Gustav Adolf, Duke of Westerbotten, and Sigvard Duke of Uppland. They waited till the guard was relieved in best Unter den Linden style, and then began to talk of—the pigeons.

is your pen "too proud to write"?

Is your pen "too proud to write"?

The Onoto Pen is British. "Neutral" pens may fail you at the critical moment; the British-made Onoto is always ready for action. It is never "too proud to write."

Its nib is always wet with fresh ink. Its holder is always dry.

The Onoto Self-filling Safety cannot leak. It cannot "sweat" ink as foreign pens often do. It is the one really satisfactory Self-filling Safety Pen.

To buy imported fountain pens when you can get the British Onoto is like buying "dollar securities" instead of British War Loan. It is bad business for the country, because it means paying out money for the benefit of foreign manufacturers. It is bad business for you, because the Onoto is more efficient and better value than any imported fountain pen.

When you are choosing your pen, see what is written on the holder. Make sure that you are getting a British Onoto: not a pen "Made in —" anywhere else.

Onoto Self-filling Safety Fountain Pens at all Stationers, etc., from 12/6 upwards. Also Onoto-Valveless, for those who do not want a Self-filling Safety Pen, from 10/6 upwards.

the British Pen is the Onoto

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., BUNHILL ROW, E.C.

MUSICAL NOTES

ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

THE Musical Bystander has not been to a Sunday afternoon concert for many a long day. The week-end habit originally and a scarcity of leave latterly have combined to keep him from sampling Sabbatarian music—till last Sunday. The experience was remarkable. Entering the Queen's Hall at the double he was immediately conscious of an atmosphere of profound and respectable apathy, which, as the concert proceeded, developed, so it seemed to him, into one of profound and respectable slumber.

* *

A POST-PRANDIAL burden of roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding seemed to lie heavily on the orchestra, which appeared, indeed, to be playing in its sleep. The audience, too tired, apparently, to approve or disapprove, seemed to doze the hours away in sleepy indifference. The Musical Bystander himself, rocked by the unexpectedly soothing strains of Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony, sank into a deep sleep, interrupted only by the appearance of Mr. Mark Allin, who sang the scena from *Boris* and Stanford's Sea-Songs so admirably well that the attention was positively compelled—in short, the Queen's Hall might have been expected at any moment to utter one vast snore!

* *

NOW the audience has a perfect right to sleep if it chooses, and even a musical critic may be forgiven for slumbering if there is nothing to hold his attention; but I do not think that the Queen's Hall orchestra ought to play as it did on Sunday. Nobody has a greater respect for Sir Henry Wood than I have, nobody realises better how much he has done for music, and how great his difficulties have been and are; nobody admires more the excellence to which he once brought his orchestra; but I cannot readily forgive that performance of the *Eroica*.

* *

THE only points that were right about it were the actual notes. Everything else was wrong. There was no attack, no rhythm, no vitality. The tone was one continual *mezzo-forte*. The orchestra not only played, but looked, as if it was utterly bored with the music. The bows (of the violas especially) hardly seemed to move across the strings. It was, indeed, a most depressing business altogether.

* *

OF course, there may be all kinds of "behind-the-scenes" reasons that I know not of. Perhaps the orchestra was tired out by the "Proms." But the business of a critic is primarily to judge a thing as he finds it—not to explain it away. And as a staunch admirer of Sir Henry and his once so splendid orchestra I cannot refrain from begging him to do his best to mend matters. Think of the effect on the musical morals of an audience (large enough, be it remarked, to fill the hall) if it learns to consider Beethoven as a mere invitation to slumber! FRANCIS TOYE

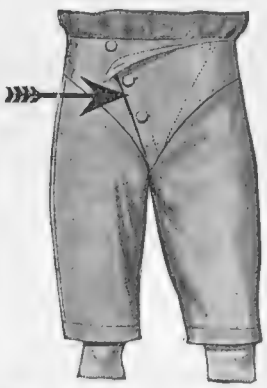
THEY KNEW

JENKINS: "The birds seem very shy"

THE KEEPER: "Only the young 'uns, sir, the old 'uns ain't worrying"

"For Winter in the Trenches"

Chamois Leather Drawers



Ensures perfect comfort with absolute warmth. The most suitable garment for all those exposed to damp, wind and cold throughout the winter campaign with the forces in the field.

Price 27/6 post free

When ordering, please give waist measurement.

Chamois Leather Jackets

Combines the maximum amount of warmth with the minimum of weight, whilst the leather being very smooth, the jacket can be worn underneath the tunic without disarranging the fit or causing the least discomfort or lack of freedom in movement.

Price { UNLINED 30/- / LINED 32/6 } Post free.

ALSO IN CHROME LEATHER-LINED FLEECE FOR AVIATORS, £3 3 0

Chamois Leather Socks

Ensure perfect circulation and absolute warmth. They entirely do away with Frost-Bite, and have proved the greatest comfort and protection to Officers at the Front.

Price 9/- post free

When ordering, please state size of boot worn.

TURNBULL AND ASSER

Military and Sporting Outfitters,

71-72, JERMYN ST. (5 Doors from St. James's St.) LONDON, S.W.

Telegrams—"Paddywhack, London." Telephone—4628 Gerrard.

Hamptons' inexpensive Jacobean Furniture

For illustrations, in colour, of numerous other examples of inexpensive Home Furnishings, see Hamptons' 1916 Booklet, sent free.

Hamptons' No. 9515 3ft. 9in. Oak Chest of Drawers, in the Jacobean style - - £14 14 0

Hamptons' No. 9439 4ft. 6in. Oak Sideboard, in the Jacobean style, with two deep drawers - - - - - - £10 15 0

Hampton & Sons, Ltd., pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain or to any port in Ireland.

HAMPTONS

Decorators · Furnishers

Pall Mall East, London, S.W. and at Buenos Aires.

BELLICOSITIES

"THE Russian peasants," recorded a Petrograd correspondent the other day, "look upon the Germans as barbarians and heathens." Which seems pretty good proof that the *moujik* is much more closely in touch with enlightened European opinion than was generally supposed.

❋

THE amazing report so promptly sent home by the commander of the German torpedo-boats which attacked our Channel transports afforded, at any rate, full corroboration of his claim to have been lying off the English coast.

❋

ACCORDING to Mr. Curtin, bread made from straw is now being served out to the hungry Huns. The straw employed for this purpose will readily be recognised as of the kind that shows which way the wind is blowing in Germany.

❋

PRESIDENT WILSON may quite possibly be right in his prediction that "this is the last world-war the United States will be able to keep out of." By the time the next one comes along his successor may not be in a position to purchase peace at any price—even by an unlimited issue of Notes.

❋

THE conscientious objector who, on being asked by a tribunal what he would do if he had control of the present situation, airily replied "I should leave it alone," ought to have been promptly prosecuted for infringing the Irish copyright of Mr. Augustine Birrell.

❋

A RAILWAY passenger who was fined the other day for stopping an express train to recover a parcel of his wife's hats that had fallen from the carriage window, was told that it would have been cheaper for him to have lost the hats. As a married man, however, he naturally knew better.

Our artist calls this an impression of Austen Chamberlain looping the loop—perhaps he's right

Redmond similarly engaged—but what if he comes down on his own shillelagh?

THE munition-maker who was convicted of taking matches into a factory containing millions of rounds of live ammunition can hardly have been surprised to find himself in trouble. The least he was entitled to expect was a good blowing-up.

❋

MR. HALL CAINE tells us of a company of revue dancing-girls who converted themselves *en masse* into munition-makers. Like good little patriots, they evidently recognised that just now there is a far less urgent call for legs than for arms.

❋

A DOVE bearing on its leg a label inscribed "U53" has flown into an American business office. Good old bird! He knew where to look for the olive branch.

❋

"JUST think," said Mr. Lloyd George at Cardiff, "of what England would have been without its great men of thought and action." Why, it might have been—prepared.

❋

MR. DONALD MACMASTER says that victory is certain for next year. Well, it always was.

❋

IT is clear that the British "tank" driver who came all the way from France to Burnley the other day to ask for and obtain his discharge from bankruptcy has already become quite a practised hand at cutting summarily through entanglements.

❋

THE fining of four Wiltshiremen for drinking out of the same cup, the contents of which had been paid for by two of them, seems to have given the death blow to a fine old custom. The loving cup no longer circulates; but we have an idea that the teetotaller's cup is nearly full.

I Always Use Yardley's Eau de Cologne— Do You?

SO varied is its usefulness — delightful as a perfume, charming in the handbasin or bath, so refreshing and invigorating when weary or unwell—it is the treasure of the Dressing Table.

Yardley's Eau de Cologne

Although the best—it costs no more.

4 oz. Bottles, as illustrated ... **2/6.**
Wickered Bottles, **4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 30/-.**

Price List of Cut Glass Bottles, other Gift styles and sizes sent by request.

The Name is the Hallmark of Quality.

Yardley 8, New Bond St., W.

AND OF ALL HIGH-CLASS CHEMISTS & STORES.

A slightly larger price and infinitely greater satisfaction—that is what it means to buy

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Shirts and Pyjamas

Unequalled comfort, healthfulness, durability, unshrinkability, a permanently good appearance and perfection of cut and finish in the ready-to-wear garments—this is "Viyella" value.

Every "Viyella" Garment carries a guarantee of replacement should it shrink.

"Viyella" has been awarded the Certificate of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

"We got them at the same time—why didn't I buy 'Viyella'?"

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER TO SHOW YOU PATTERNS.

Wm. Hollins and Co. Ltd (Trade only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C

Charm Every Care Away

Snake Charmer

Cigarettes

for

Connoisseurs

HIGH CLASS

AROMATIC TURKISH

Per Packet of Ten

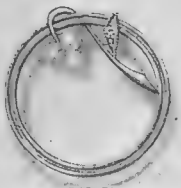
BOUQUET 7½d.
SIZE

QUEEN 10½d.
SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse, 2-14, Clarence Street, St Luke's, London E.C.

Mappin & Webb LTD.

Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.



222 Palladium Pearl and Diamond Brooch, **£2 10 0**

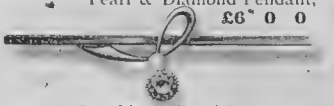
Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

Any Regimental Badge Brooch in 15-ct. Gold and Enamel, **£2 2 0**

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

228 Black & White Enamel Pearl & Diamond Pendant, **£6 0 0**

270 Palladium and Diamond Bar Brooch, **£4 15 0**



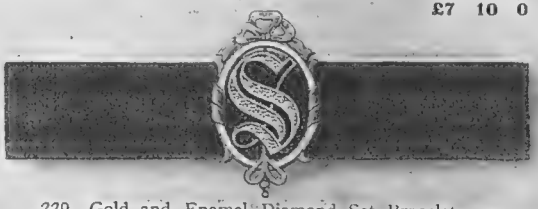
223 Sapphire & Pearl Brooch, **£1 2 6**

261 Diamond Palladium and Gold Ring, **£4 0 0**

262 Palladium and Diamond Cluster Ring, **£6 10 0**

259 Pearl and Diamond Palladium Ring, **£7 10 0**

256 Gold and Enamel Locket, **£5 0 0** Any Regimental Badge.



229 Gold and Enamel Diamond Set Bracelet, any regimental colour or initial. Complete in case, **£5 5 0**

230 Pearl and Gold Pendant, **£2 2 0**

London Showrooms:

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. 158-162, OXFORD ST., W. 172, REGENT ST., W.

The FRENCH Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores, and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.

And at Liverpool & Bristol.

The Whisky de Luxe

"Premier"

Of many fine whiskies, the finest.

Possesses a delicate flavour and bouquet which will give you a new appreciation of Scotch Whisky.

Wright & Greig, Ltd., distillers of "RODERICK DHU."

Three Scenes from "Lucky Jim"

MRS. TIDMAN (MISS ESMÉ BERINGER) AND LORD WYTHAM

And his relatives listening in breathless silence to Tidman reading a note which tells them the precious will they are chasing has gone with Tidman's football cup to some unknown pawnshop, under the guidance of Lucky Jim

LUCKY JIM AND CLARA

Jim is trying to coax Clara (Miss Drusilla Wills) to accept a tip. She is bashful, to the great amusement of the Tidman family

Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*

ALARICUS WHIFFLES (MR. ROY BYFORD)

The lunatic with a passion for overcoats. He is here depicted stealing a coat with which Lucky Jim has covered himself for a nap

Books of the Week

HOW THE ENGLISHMAN SEES WAR

Mr. Wells on Seeing It Through

THERE was started some time ago a "History of Britain during the Great War." It was stupidly biased in places, and it seems to have come to an abrupt end. But if you want a true history of this country during that troubled period whilst it was gradually preparing itself for war, you cannot do better than get hold of H. G. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. (Cassell: 6*s*.) On all sides you will hear that this is the book of the autumn. Copies cannot be printed fast enough. And the reason for this great demand is simple. The book is a very faithful and very moving picture of things as they were and are.

The "Blended" Character

Mr. Britling's resemblance to Mr. Wells is great. He writes books which have brought him a world-wide reputation; he lives in Essex, on the fringe of a great park; and his handwriting (of which a *facsimile* is given) is identical with his creator's—in fact, I daresay Mr. Wells would not be offended if you were to say that three-quarters of Mr. Britling and three-quarters of Mr. Wells would, as the Euclid books have it, coincide. That is Mr. Wells's little way. There is a polite "blending" of characters. And so you have Mr. Britling (like Mr. Wells) rather pleased with Germany before the war and intensely worried about Ireland. You have him worried about his *dilettante* son and slightly entangled in a stupid little love affair. Then comes the declaration of war, and Mr. Britling's wholehearted endeavours to help.

Photograph E. O. Hoppé

THE MAN WHOSE DREAMS COME TRUE

Mr. H. G. Wells, whose latest book, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," is the best picture of England in war-time

A Moving and Sincere Book

The W.O., of course, takes his son, but not himself. Mr. Britling cheerfully tramps the Essex lanes at night with a police "brassard" round his arm, and writes pamphlets which give him a great deal of trouble and hard thinking. He goes through all those anxieties which most of us went through in the early months of the war, and, like thousands of other proud fathers, he has his great loss. In the letters of his son Hugh, written in the trenches, and in those passages which have to tell of Hugh's death, Mr. Wells is astonishingly good, and if it would at first sight seem as though Teddy's resurrection was too nearly a sop to convention, such things have repeatedly

(Continued on page 316)

Taking Cover

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley visualise the lighter side of a drab war.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

A NOTE TO

OFFICERS COMMANDING CADET UNITS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

BECAUSE it is a subject upon which I can claim an authoritative knowledge, I wish to briefly discuss the Uniform Allowance of £8 for Cadets.

This allowance of £8 represents a preliminary advance on the £50 outfit allowance due to Cadets on being commissioned. The £8 is expended in clothing under orders of the Officer Commanding each unit.

The problem for the Commanding Officers is to obtain the best possible equipment for their Cadets. Extreme zeal, commendable as it is, is liable to foster an undue regard for the quantity of the articles supplied, and an insufficient regard for the quality of the materials.

According to the Army Council instructions, Cadets only wear their uniforms when walking out and for ceremonial purposes. This involves little wear, but if these uniforms are not of the best grade, they will be of no use for subsequent wear on active service, and the preliminary expenditure will have been wasted.

It is essential to emphasise that prices of the best quality khaki materials have again risen considerably, and the following outfit, produced by Pope & Bradley, represents the minimum charge of a House with the first reputation in London for Military style.

WAR OFFICE £8 CADET OUTFIT

comprising:—**Service Jacket, Infantry or Bedford Cord Breeches, Cap and Badge, 2 Shirts, 4 Collars, Silk Tie, Pair Puttees,**

The Outfit specified above is slightly more comprehensive than the War Office regulation.

New Naval and Military Kit List of every Service requirement will be forwarded on application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

BY APPOINTMENT

GEM RINGS

Pearl and Diamond Crossover Ring.
£5 5 0

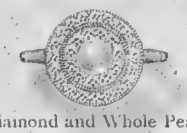
Ruby and Diamond 5-Stone Half-hoop Ring.
£13 10 0

Pearl and Diamond Cluster Ring.
£25 0 0

Pearl and Diamond 3 Stone Ring.
£65 0 0

Diamond Single Stone Ring.
£95 0 0

Pearl and Diamond Crossover Ring.
£135 0 0


Diamond and Whole Pearl Cluster Ring, set in Palladium.
£19 0 0

Diamond Double Cluster Ring.
£27 0 0

Sapphire and Diamond Double Cluster Ring.
£40 0 0

Emerald and Diamond Cluster Ring.
£48 0 0

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's Gem Rings are of the finest quality. The precious stones used are chosen with special care, and the workmanship is of the highest standard. A selection of Rings and loose gems can be sent for approval if desired at The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's risk.

An Illustrated Catalogue will be forwarded free on application.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD *with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance L^d C.A.B. Savory & Sons Established 1751*

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. the King.

Only One Address. No Branches.

112 Regent Street London W.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 314)

nappened in the present war. The book, indeed, is absolutely true from beginning to end. There is nothing in it to jar or offend. It brings home to you just what a ghastly thing war is. As a contemporary picture it is very beautiful and absorbingly interesting. Novels there are in plenty about the war, good yarns, stories that bring tears to your eyes, but, so far as I know, there is none other that is so satisfying, so exactly the book that you want to read. *Mr. Britling*, in fact, is a triumph.

The Daughter of Dostoievsky

There is a novel recently translated from the Russian which is, apparently, receiving rather a mixed reception at the hands of English critics. It is by the daughter of the great Dostoievsky himself, and is called *The Emigrant* (Constable: 5*s.* net). Mr. Stephen Graham, in his preface, tells us that the book enjoyed a big success when it appeared a few years ago in Russia. One or two critics in this country think that, but for the magic of Dostoievsky's name, the present translation would never have been made. The story itself is undeniably thin—merely an account of a Russian woman's sojourn in Italy, her attempted conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, her meeting with a Russian Prince, who shows her how she has become "abnormal," her love for him, and the final tragedy which follows on an incident which shows the prince at his worst. As a story, indeed, the book does not go very far. As a study of a Russian temperament, and of the modern bridging between the Russian and European characters, it has an extreme interest. It raises problems of the Church, for instance, which are of particular importance at the moment. Probably, too, it is to a certain degree autobiographical. The characters do not conform to our ideas. They lecture to one another, but you are interested in what they have to say. One cannot help wondering, however, what Dostoievsky himself would have said of the book.

Another Look Back

A truly gracious book is Mr. G. W. E. Russell's *Portraits of the Seventies* (Fisher Unwin: 15*s.* net). There are many diarists of the period which he knows so well, but none other has just the same well-balanced outlook on things as they were, and few have had the same opportunities. *Collections and Recollections* is already a classic, and its many successors all show the same agreeable characteristics. There can be no doubt that a hundred years hence people will be reading Russell in preference to a host of others. From his vignettes of people it is possible to obtain a real insight into Society as it was. And he has the faculty of explaining this or that person to you in a surprisingly small number of words. He has his little prejudices, of course, but, on the whole, he is exceedingly fair. So you hear without surprise of his action, strong Churchman though he has always been, in supporting Bradlaugh's contention with the House of Commons, and read with pleasure his masterly portraits of those three English Cardinals whose influence forty years ago was so great. And it says a great deal for the writer that although it is old ground he is traversing he has so much to say that is vital and new. It is matter for general congratulation that Mr. Russell has always kept a diary. R. S.

THE **R.N.A.S.**

"One of my old college chums rags me whether the letters I have mean 'Rather naughty after sunset' or 'Really not a sailor.' Well, if being up at all times and in all weathers short of a hurricane, cruising through space at 100 per hour in an atmosphere specially manufactured in the polar regions, is not seafaring . . . . well, it's not exactly like lying in a feather bed in a hothouse. I can tell you I'm not sorry to come down and 'thaw out' with the aid of a Cavander's 'Army Club.' They're great—the finest I've struck yet. And you can go on smoking one after the other without a touch of 'nerves.'"

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES.

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to all members of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, packed in air-tight tins of 50's.

9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.

CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, London, W.C.

Cavander's "Army" Mixture is absolutely pure. 7½d. per oz.

GONG SOUPS are "TOP HOLE."

A few packets of Gong Soups in his haversack, and a brisk little wood fire glowing in the shelter of a farm-house wall, mean much to the man who has just returned from arduous toil for his "rest" period.

Water is quickly procured, the Gong Soup packet dissolved, and in fifteen minutes or so "the best meal for a week" is ready.

The particular handiness of Gong Soups their variety and economy, render them specially suitable for use in the home as well as at the Front.

From one of the H.A.C.

"You might send some more Gong Soups They are 'top hole.' Everyone likes them out here, the vegetable part is so good."

Twelve Delicious Varieties:

Scotch Broth	Ox Tail
Mock Turtle	Thick Gravy
Pea	Celery Cream
Mulligatawny	Green Pea
Lentil	Artichoke
Julienne	Tomato

GONG SOUPS

MADE BY OXO LTD., LONDON, E.C.

A new tricorne hat in black panne, ostrich feather, completed by a pink moire bow, lying inside the brim, giving a soft effect.

PRICE 4½ GUINEAS.

Debenham & Freebody
(Debenhams Limited) Wigmore St. Cavendish Square), London, W.

WAVERLEY WAVERLEY WAVERLEY WAVERLEY

Cameron
THE MARK of QUALITY

SAFETY SELF-FILLER.

There is no mechanism to get out of order.
When the pen is screwed up no ink can escape.

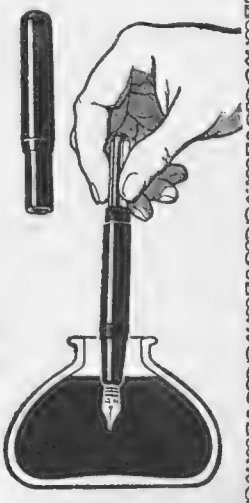
IRIDIUM POINTS, GENUINE 14ct. GOLD,

JUST PRESS THE BARS.

10/6

FITTED WITH WAVERLEY NIB - - - 12/6

FITTED WITH HINDOO NIB - - - 15/-



BRITISH MADE BY

MACNIVEN & CAMERON Ltd.

Waverley Pen Works, Watery Lane
BIRMINGHAM.

Write for Illustrated List.

LONDON DEPOT:
30, SHOE LANE, E.C.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.

WAVERLEY WAVERLEY WAVERLEY WAVERLEY

Racing: The Past Season

BY "CAREINE"

The Cambridgeshire

When I arrived at Newmarket last week I learnt the full strength of Eos's Cambridgeshire trial, and for the first time my confidence in Ballaghtobin weakened. I was told what Lord D'Abernon's filly had done in her gallop, and there then remained no doubt as to her great chance. Eos's success adds another to the frequent racing triumphs enjoyed by Lord D'Abernon, who, long before he was given his present title, scored heavily with that gallant mare, Donnetta.

Cracks of the Year

Looking back on the brief season which closed on Friday we have to pronounce Hurry On and Fifinella the champion three-year-olds of the season. The former has not yet been beaten, and he is hailed as one of the best horses of modern times. I agree that Hurry On must be a good 'un, but please wait until he accomplishes something really noteworthy before you begin to compare him with the celebrities of old. Fifinella has fairly placed herself among the great ones of the Turf by her double success in the New Derby and Oaks.

Photograph *Rouch*

THE WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Lord D'Abernon's Eos by Orby—Renaissance

The Two-Year-Olds

Here the form is in a terrible tangle. I do not think we have seen the best of Molly Desmond. It will be interesting to see whether Captain Giles Loder, a newcomer on the Turf, inherits his late uncle's good luck. At any rate, one is glad to know that Pretty Polly, affectionately remembered by all racegoers, has at last bred a good filly. Lord D'Abernon has something to look forward to next season, as his Diadem is unquestionably brilliant, and many think her the best of her age. The popular Member for Portsmouth, Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, has a good two-year-old in Dansellon, while Mr. E. Hulton, whose horses are leaving Whatcombe for Newmarket, has a couple of good youngsters in Knutsford and Margarethal.

Smart Jockeys

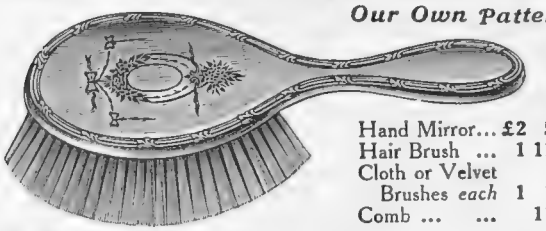
The jockey who has added most to his reputation this season is Victor Smyth, whose style in the saddle reminds one very much of Frank Wootton. This is not surprising, seeing that both were taught by "Pa" Wootton. Another lightweight who has improved considerably is R. T. Colling, who rides very steadily and never uses the whip unnecessarily. He has a younger brother, who shapes exceedingly well. The steeplechasing season, which opens on Dec. 1, looks like proving fairly successful.

WHITELEYS

THREE CHOICE NEW DESIGNS in

HALL-MARKED SILVER TOILET SETS

Our Own Patterns



No. 1.

Hand Mirror... £2 5 0
Hair Brush ... 1 11 0
Cloth or Velvet Brushes *each* 1 1 0
Comb 11 3

No. 2.

Extra Heavy
Hand Mirror... £3 10 6
Hair Brush ... 2 2 6
Cloth or Velvet Brushes *each* 1 2 6
Comb 14 3

No. 3.

Hand Mirror... £2 11 6
Hair Brush ... 1 10 6
Cloth or Velvet Brushes *each* 17 6
Comb 11 6

MOST VARIED STOCK OF SILVER TOILET SETS TO CHOOSE FROM

Wm. WHITELEY, Ltd., Queen's Rd., London, W.

"Eciruam" Reg.d

GOWNS FOR ALL OCCASIONS ENTIRELY WITHOUT FASTENERS

PUT ON AND TAKEN OFF IN A MOMENT

THE IDEAL GOWN

Specially suited to present-day requirements. The greatest revelation in woman's dress of the century. Equally charming and successful as

DAY, TEA, DINNER, REST OR BOUDOIR GOWNS

Made in a great variety of styles and materials

from 3½ Guineas Model 51

Model 51

NEW WINTER CATALOGUE POST FREE

Sole Maker and Inventor—

Maurice (*Eciruam, Ltd.*)

43 SOUTH MOLTON STREET LONDON W.

NEW YORK: 20 West 47th Street.

The Queen says:

"'ECIRUAM' Maternity Gowns are perfection."

Shoolbred's

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

Special Offer of stylish

Rest Gowns

A favourite Model and one of the Latest

In Velveteen, on elastic waist. Collar and Cuffs of all-over Lace. In Black, Green, Brown, Saxe, Vieux Rose, and Purple **38/6**

The Regent St. House *of* PETER ROBINSON LTD.

LONDON, W

Fashions in Black

WE have just published an attractive little booklet, featuring the New Fashions in Black Gowns, Coats, Hats, Blouses, etc. It may be had gratis and post free for the asking.

May we send you a copy?

R. S. "CLEVEDON."
COAT-Frock in good quality Black Coating Serge. Suitable for outdoor or indoor wear. Also available in Navy. **£4 4 0**

R. S. "GRANTHAM."
WIDOW'S Gown in Black Cashmere with vest of Black tucked Ninon; collar of White Lawn. Sizes: W. and O.S. **£6 16 6**

The Regent Street House of Peter Robinson

BEAUTY THAT INSPIRES.

The kind of beauty that inspires admiration is a clear and healthy-looking skin, and the way to obtain it is the **OATINE** way. It possesses properties which enable it to get down into the pores and remove the dirt and grime embedded there. Remember that keeping the pores clean is the secret of a good complexion. Oatine is pleasant to use, and guaranteed to be absolutely pure. Get a jar to-day.

In White Jars, 1/1½ & **2/3.**
Ask for—

Oatine FACE CREAM

GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

FREEMANS REAL TURTLE SOUP
made in a minute with
Freemans Real Turtle Cubes,
Four in a box, 1/-
Freeman's SOUPS OF DISTINCTION Watford

GENTLEMEN

I give you BEST PRICES for your DISCARDED CLOTHES.
Lounge Suits, 6/- to 25/-. Trousers, 2/6 to 7/6.
Cash or estimate sent per return.
I pay all carriage charges.
FLINT'S, St. Martin's Lane, BIRMINGHAM.
Est. 1869. Telephone: Midland 1344.

The Whisky for Connoisseurs

TUCKEY'S

Ten Years Old

Pure Malt Whisky

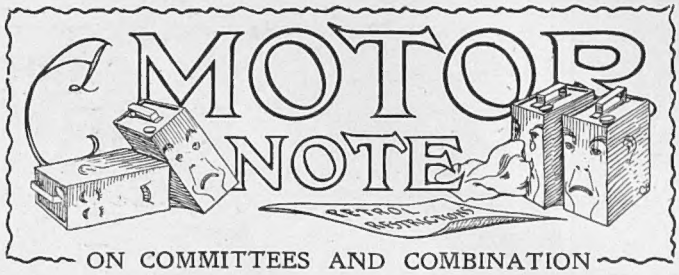
per **57/-** doz.

Case Free and Carriage Paid.
Soft, Mellow, Old Pot Still Scotch Whisky.
Sample Bottle, post free, **5/3.**

The "Lancet" says:
"It is well adapted for dietetic purposes owing to its purity and quality."

12 Years Old Liqueur Whisky.
60/- per doz. **5/6** per bottle.

Chas. Tuckey & Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. Y), 3, Mincing Lane, E.C.



ON COMMITTEES AND COMBINATION

Two Certainties

THERE are always two recommendations product of any discussion upon, or lament over, the ills that motoring flesh and pocket are heir to. These two are constant. There may be others, but I have no special memory of them. Always after a fervent recital of the woe (or woes) come the conclusions—(*a*) motorists must combine; (*b*) the Government ought to appoint a committee.

Now there is no particular objection to either of these courses if experience had shown that they meant anything material from complainant's point of view; or if there happened to be any hope that they would in the future mean something more than they had meant in the past. There is no such evidence. There never will be any hope—never, at any rate, until they who clamour for committee or combination are clear as to methods of precedure and uitimate objectives; and until, after that, they are prepared to enlist a sufficient volume of motoring support to whole-hearted acceptance of the programme.

***

The Hopeless Committee

So far we have not gone much beyond the "something-ought-to-be-done-don't-you-know" stage. We are conscious of iniquities, unfairly applied restrictions, heavy-handed taxation, class-persecution, and so on. We are confident something ought to be done. What? "Oh! Let motorists combine," and "the Government ought to appoint a committee."

We need not discuss the committee idea. On evidence it is about the most pathetic sanctuary known to tired reformers; and in any case the measure of its most hopeful operation is the measure of the weight of public opinion behind it. There is left, combination.

***

On Combination

COMBINATION is always good business. Other things being equal, 2,000 heads are better than one when all the heads are unanimous. If motorists can do anything at all, they can do it only by substantially unanimous effort. But apart from their own domestic affairs, which they must themselves organise or pay to have organised and run for them, what can they do? Imagine them all with one accord (an impossible hypothesis, anyway) refusing to pay present petrol prices. Would that bring petrol prices down? It might under normal conditions, but it would not under present conditions.

***

Stalemate

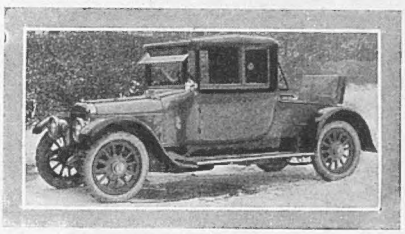
BESIDES which, there could be no unanimity in the refusal. Apart from the cantankerous number who would not lay up their cars (the only possible expression of their determination not to pay), there is the vastly larger and much more important number who could not. To these last cars are—privately perhaps, commercially certainly—necessary. Until the price of petrol is so high that they cannot afford to run these necessary vehicles, they cannot strike effectively against prices. Prices will never get beyond that point because it is economically impossible. Yet until they do there can be no effective combination.

***

A Strike

IF, under normal conditions, a general strike were conceivable, then certainly it would tie up industry to such an extent that prices must fall or the State would have to appropriate or acquire sources of supply; but as there seems no likelihood of such a general strike under normal conditions, the power of combination is not apparent. And if we cannot take effective action upon so burning a

(Continued on page 322)



WHEN THE TASK IS ACCOMPLISHED

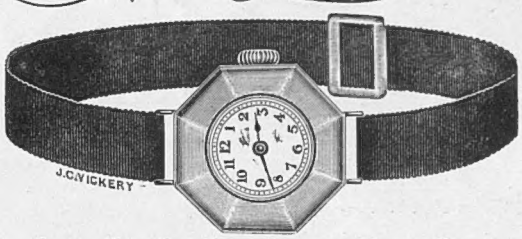
When the call for munitions has ceased and business returns to the normal then will the private motorist return to the road and the Austin come into its own, and again hold its premier place in the opinion of the motoring community. Make up your mind NOW that your post-war car shall be an Austin, the car with the reputation for good service,

Austin

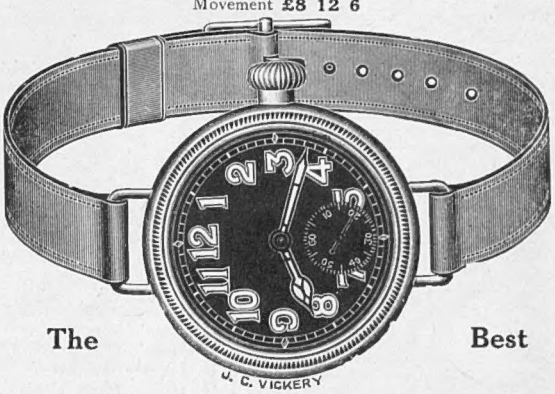
The Austin Motor Co. Ld.

Longbridge Works, Northfield, Birmingham. London: 479-483, Oxford Street (near Marble Arch), W. Also at Manchester, Norwich, and Paris.

J·C VICKERY
177 to 183 REGENT ST. LONDON W.
Their Majesties' Jeweller, Silversmith & Dressing Case Manufacturer.
Catalogue of Novelties post free on application



No. Y1007 — Very Neat 18-ct. **Octagon Shape Watch,** on **Black Moire Silk Extending Band.** Most Reliable Lever Movement **£8 12 6**



The Best

Vickery's Famous "Black Watch"

Dustproof, Luminous. Perfect Timekeeper. Unbreakable Glass. Black or White Dial.

Sterling Silver ... **58/6** Superior Quality and Finish ... **72/6**
(with non-magnetic spring and quite watertight, £4)

SIMILAR WATCH
Black Dial and Ordinary Glass, Silver, **50/-**; Gold, **£6 6 0**

Millions of living proofs!

Every British soldier and sailor wears pure wool next his skin—and our Army and our Navy are the healthiest in the world.

Let the pure wool of Wolsey Underwear safeguard your health during the chill and dreary days ahead of you—you will find it, indeed, a sound investment.

Wolsey especially, because then you can be sure of clean, pure wool of perfect fit and comfort, and of long-enduring service. You can also be sure that what you get is British!

Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Made in garments for men, women and children, but be sure to see the trade mark. Wolsey is sold by drapers, etc., everywhere.

Any Wolsey garment found to shrink will be replaced free.

THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

Are you a Patriotic Motorist?

The question is now a serious one for the country. American tyres are responsible for the export of millions of pounds sterling per annum, and this is a time when every gold piece is needed HERE to win the war.

There is no need to buy American tyres, there are plenty of British tyres to meet the demand. Be patriotic and buy British; better still, buy the best of the British, the

NORTH BRITISH

CLINCHER

"ALL-PLANTATION" RUBBER

MOTOR TYRES.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., Ltd., 169, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.

Factories: Castle Mills, EDINBURGH.

Holds 30 Cigarettes

The Flat Case Favoured by British Officers.

THE "Cross" Service Case is a neat, strong, thin Magazine to hold a full day's supply of cigarettes. The remarkable demand for this case shows that no other suits the soldier's need so well.

The case has two pockets. Each takes 15 Cigarettes—**30 in all.** Each is strengthened by a light metal spring. The pockets fold one over the other and are secured by a covering flap. When one pocket is empty the case is thinner by a row of cigarettes.

OFFICERS' CASE, special superior quality in fine pigskin, with pigskin lined flap. Very light and compact. Size 5¾ in. by 3¾ in. No. 1231 ... ... **15/-**

SOLDIERS' CASE, same design and style as above. In pigskin, with flap lined in sheepskin **10/6**

Delivered Free in U.K. Registered Letter Post abroad 8d.

GILT MONOGRAMS 2-letter Gilt Monogram on flap, 3/6. 1/9 Full Name. 2/6 Names and Regiment.

Write for New Book No. 2 of "CROSS" SERVICE GOODS

It describes an attractive variety of articles for soldiers on Active Service. It also suggests many useful gifts from soldiers to the folks at home.

MARK CROSS Ltd

89 Regent Street, London, W

Recommended by Medical Men, after having satisfied themselves that it possesses the virtues claimed for it.

St IVEL CHEESE

·LACTIC·

is a perfect food. It aids the digestion of other foods, and its lactic cultures keep the system healthy.

MOTORING (concluded from page 320)

question, what chance is there upon any lesser material issue?

***

The Only Way

No space to debate this matter at further length to-day. Combination is good for many things of motoring convenience; but mainly they are domestic things. In imperial affairs the motorist is just a comparatively small, although a relatively important, section of the State, and can only achieve things commensurate with his size and importance. It seems "up to" those who call for combination and Parliamentary Committees to secure imperial results, to show cause, explain method, and work for the conversion of the *laissez-faire* men.

***

The Second-hand Show

Foster Pedley has now undertaken to judge the exhibits at the second-hand motor and motor-cycle show. He will issue the certificates upon which the non-technical buyer will rely for his (or her) direction. He takes the place of H. H. Gregory, of the R.A.C. technical department, who resigned after the announcement that the trade society had frowned upon the show. I do not know whether the two things were in any way connected. If they were, it only goes to show how intimately the R.A.C. and the trade are *dis*sociated. However, Foster Pedley is equally as good a man.

***

Revolution!

Read a revolution in tyre values by the Goodrich Company if you would have the whole story of "full-sized" tyres. It is an interesting little brochure, and very informative. Address, Goodrich Company, 117, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

Alex. J. M. Gray

"OUR DAY"

Miss May Beeman, the Organising Secretary of "Our Day" (right hand rear seat of car), in the decorated Napier which the firm placed at the disposal of the Committee. Behind is a St. John Ambulance Brigade Guard of Honour drawn up for Queen Alexandra on her visit to the Alhambra

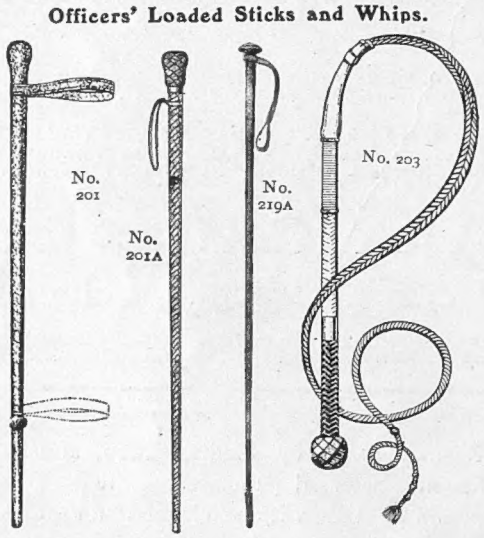
C.A.V. Accumulators in lead, celluloid, and ebonite cases, for Ignition, Lighting, Starting, and Portable work. British throughout. Write us your requirements.—C. A. Vandervell & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. Claudel Hobson Carburetters are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

Of all the improvements added to the motor vehicle to secure greater efficiency and service, none ranks so high as the Warland Dual (quick-tyre-change) Rims, Aston, Birmingham; 111, Great Portland St., London.

PRACTICAL KIT

Officers' Loaded Sticks and Whips.



	£	s.	d.
No. 201A.—Loaded stick, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap ..	2	10	0
No. 201.—Ditto, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	1	18	0
Ditto, steel centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	1	5	0
Ditto, short length, for riding	1	1	0
No. 219A.—Best all whalebone plaited kangaroo hide Cutting Whip and Wrist Strap..	1	10	0
Ditto, second quality	1	1	0
No. 203.—Officer's Newmarket Whip, whalebone centre, plaited raw hide, with kangaroo hide handpart, loaded end, silver collar, and thong	1	18	0
Ditto, plaited all over kangaroo hide, loaded end, with thong	1	15	0

Postage to B.E.F. 1/- extra. Send for **NEW** *Illustrated List of War Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY

By appointment to H.M. The King.

185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

THE

THRESHER

Comfort under all conditions. Protection against every sort of weather, and thorough hard wear. It fills the functions of a Great Coat, British Warm, and Raincoat. To make sure that your coat is a genuine "Thresher," look for the Thresher and Glenny label.

Trench Coat, with detachable "Kamelcott" Lining **£6 6**

Trench Coat, with Sheepskin Lining detachable **£8 8**

Trench Coat, Cavalry type, Knee Flaps and Saddle Gusset, 15/6 extra.

Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay enclose cheque when ordering.

Trench Coats in Ladies' sizes can be obtained from Threshers, 5, Conduit Street, W.

THRESHER & GLENNY,
152 & 153, Strand, London.
Military Tailors. Est. 1755.

By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*